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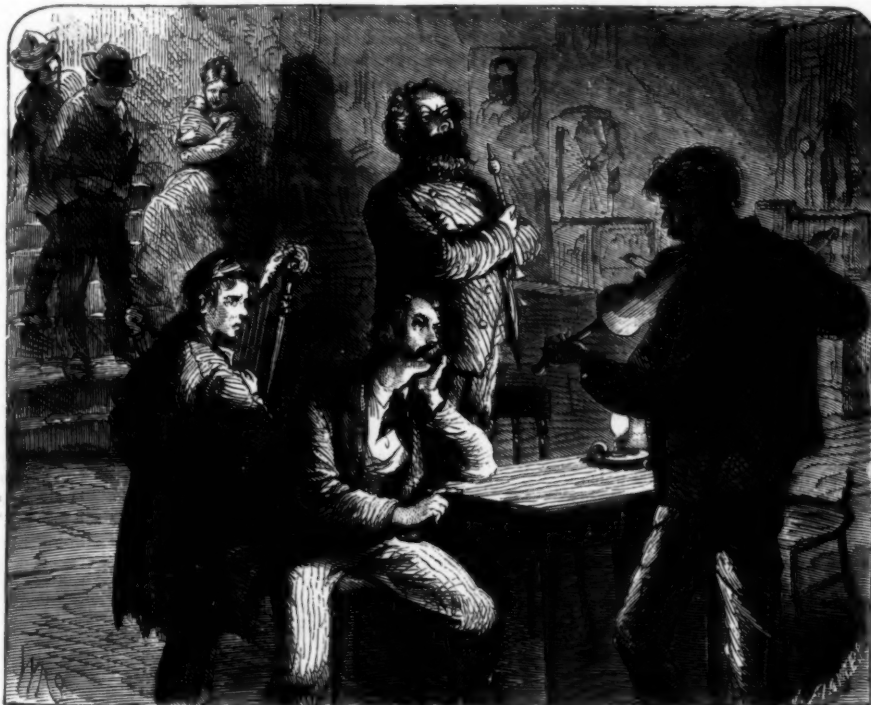
A MUSICAL PARTY.

IT took place within the confines of an ill-starred spot, led to by a hole in a wall, in Thompson Street, New York.

The wall in question is by no means a blank and tight one, but, like hundreds of other walls in the city, enclosing just precisely such ill-starred spots, is very deep and high, and perforated, like a geometrical unclean sponge, with countless chambers and passage-ways filled with

there erupt streams of creatures smoking and blaspheming. They glide out suddenly upon the side-walk, as if starting from the stones, and sink into it again, as if bodily absorbed.

You pass through the black apertures upon a walk of stone, beside which is a gutter, and meet a thickly-breathing body midway. The contact is not agreeable in the dismal passage, and so you mutually



restless hordes of human animalcules. Heat has the effect of driving them out of their hiding-places into the muddled, distorted streets, and of perching them thickly upon long flights of steps and railings, where they sit, with disordered dress and language, the livelong night. Neither has this particular wall but one hole in it. It has several which pierce it through and through, and which serve as vents to the pulses of several more unclean sponges at the back, out of which

press by each other with haste and aversion, and separate quickly. It is a place of villanous atmosphere and strangling closeness. People appear at the farther end, in the forms of dimly-seen, jetty *silhouettes*, contrasted against a faint glare which proves to come from forty curtained or thickly-obscured windows in the cells of the sponge which has grown up within a yard. This inner sponge, like the outer ones, has been tightly pressed by the heat, and as a consequence has

also thrown its contents into the walk, upon the overhanging balustrades, and upon the landing of the steps, where they chatter and quarrel in a dozen languages.

Across the place there are hung countless lines of drying clothing, crossing each other at numerous angles, and making a scene eminently theatrical when coupled with the uncouth outline of the buildings and the flush of light.

A general damp murkiness pervades the place, and an unhealthy noisomeness creeps up about your feet, while the small square is discordant with shrill cries of high-pitched voices, and the loud arguments of angry neighbors.

Everything has a tottering aspect, as if an architectural palsy had settled on the roofs and sides of the crazy dwellings, and was slowly rattling them downward by invisible degrees. They have got so far on their course to the ground as to threaten instant destruction, but appear to hesitate solely to decide whether it would be more complete to be washed and rotted away, or to be brought down in an overwhelming dissolving cloud of dust and powder.

Some of the forty lights, before hinted at, appear from below the level of the pavement, and it is with these that the musical party is concerned.

The glare comes from a grimy oily lamp placed upon a table in the centre of a decaying room (every thing here has an aspect of decay). Many photographs ornament a dingy, smoky wall, and are all of Italian personages; Garibaldi with his thin, hollow-eyed, agitator face, coming in for the lion's share of notice. Italian cockades, and Italian oil-flasks, and macaroni-boxes, also thickly abound, and there is a soiled map of the geographical Boot hanging upon the back of a door.

Cooking-utensils, tolerably cared for, occupy a corner, while a little brazier stands in a little fireplace. On the opposite side are three harps; one of them carefully covered with a tattered baize, while the other two appear to be so far stringless, and so much ill-used, as to be totally abandoned to the risk of damp air and accidents. Two hand-organs further ornament the place, and two corresponding monkeys lie in restless repose upon the sandy floors of two cages. Their tawdry scarlet and gilt-clothing hangs above them upon a single hook, together with a couple of dangling chains and collars. Altogether the apartment is hot, close, and highly unpleasant. It has a smell of highly-seasoned food and a savor of dust.

It is the apartment of one Bartolemo Ferrara, a street musician of an organ of nine tunes, the owner of his instrument and a monkey, the renter of another instrument of seven tunes and another monkey, and to this extent a capitalist and an ambitious man.

He is a man given solely to scowling, which occupation he follows assiduously, and he thoughtfully bestows his looks on all about him. His habit of walking in the street with his organ provokes a strange gait when out of his harness, and in gesticulation he is circumscribed to a rotary motion of the right hand. He has a habit of carrying his chin in the air, as if forever in the presence of anticipated coins coming from windows above and across the way. His voice is a harsh one, and his tone domineering, both features contracted by lording it over refractory assistants in the trade of catching pennies. In consistency with his character of an ambitious man, he has lately dreamed of a coalition offensive and defensive against the music-loving public, and so has conjured the vision of a quartet which shall prowl about with a higher class of music than he has been accustomed to furnish, and equally divide the proceeds. In pursuance of this idea, he has invited an assembly of such men as have occurred to his mind as being unattached and capable, and is waiting their advent with much impatience and a scrawled draft of articles of association.

The first to come is Andrea Roma, a harper of good quality, and evidently another man of the street. Then there drops in Giovanni Cassaba, who is a violinist of no mean standing to his own mind, and who affects instant leadership of the affair by virtue of the superiority of his instrument, and because of his better knowledge of music in general.

There is still one person wanting, and he, not making his much-wished-for appearance, is supplied in the abstract with plentiful anathemas from each and all of the party. Finally they begin to talk of each other. "Roma," said Cassaba, raspingly, "after we four have started in business, I shall say that I think our mutual friend Ferrara, in his character of organ-man, was the most tiresome wretch in the city."

"And so shall I," replied Roma, "but I should not dare say so just now."

"But pray why me in particular," asked Ferrara, anxiously.

"Oh, not you, perhaps; not you as Bartolemo Ferrara, but you as a social nuisance, as a public musician, as a dispenser of portable misery, a whiskered and monkeyified botheration."

"But I am an Italian, sir," rejoined Ferrara.

"Ah," sadly added the other, "that settles it. I regret that my country is so prolific of such Italians. What is the reason of it? The reply is, the national laziness; a Latin desire to turn the most dollars with the fewest struggles, and as a common result they make the most struggles for the fewest dollars. The Italian buds out into music of some sort on receiving a reverse from any other quarter, as naturally as a Frenchman does to political plots, or an Irishman to illicit distilling. Our velvet-jacketed compatriots bury their griefs in the universal organ and monkey, and they who carry them are sure to be, in one fashion or another, badly-disappointed men—not romantically, by any means, but only in the sense of discovering that they do not stand much of a chance among workers, and so turn ostensible loungers, but in reality the greatest workers of them all, but no credit to them."

Ferrara sighed. "Yes, friend Cassaba, you are quite right. Two dollars for a dozen miles' march with a forty-pound organ, a barrellful of curses, and a wretched reputation, is poor pay. I am generally hated by the paying crowd, nobody takes to me but pocketless nursery-maids and babies; I am constantly moved on by people with headaches, and individuals with ears generally. How do they treat me? I give a little crowd the liveliest of my tunes, the crowd increases from one dozen to two; I give them the whole nine tunes and five tricks with the monkey, including a sword-drill, which nearly cost me the monkey's life to teach him. Then I send around my tambourine, but they do not see it, and look for more tricks. I play before a cream-saloon full of ladies, again I do the nine tunes and the five tricks, and if it looks promising I repeat, and my reward comes in the shape of a policeman, who grasps me roughly by the collar and kicks my monkey. I stop before an hotel full of tired travellers, who listen to my music with pleasure, I am sure, but when settling-time comes they all fly to get shaved, and revile me. There is no glory in such a business! *Curamba!*"

At this review Ferrara sinks into mortal unhappiness, while the other two look at him pityingly. As human beings singularly do sometimes, he loves his sorrows and dwells upon them at length.

"Did you ever see an organ-man smile? Is there not a hang-dog, from-post-to-pillar expression always upon the wretch's face? His organ is like Sindbad's pleasant old man, and the habit grows upon him. He is a sort of hypochondriac of the pocket; he nurses his ill, and makes no exertions to get over its ailings. Once an organ-man, always an organ-man, or something worse, except in rare cases like the present, where we contrive to wish to shake it off." Here Ferrara broadened his shoulders and looked about him at his two companions, but still pursued his subject:

"A single harper is also a wretched object, with his isolated twang; a violinist alone is a pest, as his frivolous quavers wrung from an instrument turned bottom up provoke no sensation, but disgust; and the man with the flute cracking his cheeks in solitude deserves a torturing death for his distracting melancholy tootle. But together, my friends, a merry, well-trained quartet, with an eye to the musically decent, and a flageolet-player like myself, is about as good a furnisher of street music as the blessed public will ever get."

At this point, Ferrara, carried away with the vision, fell to rapturously fingering an imaginary instrument through a prolonged air, while Cassaba and Roma delivered themselves of some joyful enthusiastic oaths expressive of great anticipations. Such was their *fuor* to begin the arrangement and their rehearsals, that they all recurred unanimously to the delinquent man, who had not yet made his appearance, and without whom they were unable to proceed. He was a *protégé* of Ferrara's, who extolled him to the skies for his great accomplishments. Even while they were acrimoniously discussing him, an awkward bumping and plunging was heard outside the door, whereupon Ferrara, delighted, declared that here he was.

He entered presently with a great deal of trouble, and presented himself in the form of a vast, three-cornered table, the single leg of which delivered itself of countless exclamations of disgust. It resolved itself into a gilded harp, and a black-eyed, wide-mouthed boy of twelve, with a dark skin, a visorless cap, and a man's cut to his clothing.

He was instantly fallen upon by Ferrara and seized by the ear.

"Where the devil have you been? Don't you know you were expected here? Here's the violin and the first harp cursing themselves into purgatory, and I the flageolet fuming like a kettle of hot water! How much have you got?"

"Let go, and I'll tell you, perhaps," yelled the boy with a frightful opening of his mouth. He then laboriously fished a sum of money from his pockets, which Ferrara was pleased to consider as unwarrantably small, and growled as much.

"What can you expect on a hot day?" retorted the boy, with a highly-injured air. "Anybody'll cheat you on such a day. Who's going to shove their hands into their trousers-pockets with every thing roasting and boiling? Don't blame anybody—I don't."

At this, Ferrara quickly seized him by the collar, and, tripping him up, searched all his pockets and his shoes, in spite of his struggles, but, finding nothing further, released him with a look of triumph at the others.

"Honest as the days are long, you see," at which they all appeared extremely gratified. "Now, you should hear him play—it's quite heavenly. Perhaps he'll come in well for a solo some time.—I say, Emanuel, give us 'The Harp that Once—,'" Emanuel tearfully complied, struggling against the post of his harp with his mouth wide open, and half-shut eyes, in an agony of suppressed sorrow, resembling an unhappy boy feeling his way in the dark.

It was capital. Praises loud and long rang out on the dingy room, and Cassaba and Roma successively embraced Emanuel, who instantly ceased his weeping. Ferrara then followed with a Tyrolean song upon his flageolet, which awakened such pleasure that Cassaba dashed out at the door and returned with a bottle of eight-shilling claret.

After this there came "Partant pour la Syrie" by Roma, which awoke ecstasie joy for its superior finish and grace of execution; while Cassaba finally, beautifully, and fully rounded the whole with a cantata, and some trifles from "Barbe Bleue" and "Geneviève."

Even in this unhalloved and disreputable place, the art-loving public could not be wholly repressed, for the strains of melody had so filled the wretched court that an unkempt and frowsy multitude irrigated the descending steps, and spilled over into the entry-way, and made its appearance at the door of the room, in the visages of a haggard woman with a sickly baby, a brace of thin-faced savage children, and a pair of sodden, heavy-eyed men, who, with their hands deep in their ragged pockets, seemed to be attracted by the sight of people engaged in doing something rather than the music. As soon as they are discovered, however, they are quickly repressed and swept back, and the happy quartet seat themselves studiously around the single table, and after two hours' wrangling produce an agreement, of which, in due time, there germinated a Band.

It is an object of deep professional hatred to those ugly little wretches, the counterparts of Emanuel, who misuse their violins by holding them brains downward, and their *confrères* of harps of shivered strings, and shrill, uncertain trebles, who make much more by being paid to go away than as inducements to linger.

It still miserably lives in its component parts where it did before, and where many of the Italian compatriots exist. It does some little work in bettering the popular taste for music, inasmuch as it drives the coarser tunes and their coarser players from the field, and by its rather neat execution gains the public attention, and so is highly worthy of encouragement.

It has many imitators, and there are several, such as those who play at noonday in a certain down-town hotel, whose airs are excellent both in work and taste in selections.

Popular opinion inclines very much to the belief that large sums of money are daily reaped by these people of the street, but, except in the few cases of some particularly excellent performers, the income is discouragingly small and precarious, and moreover it is exceedingly hard labor, and is rarely undertaken by any one capable of any thing else.

ALBERT WEBSTER, JR.

CONCATENATION BILL.

WHEN and where he picked up the *sobriquet* which, once attached to him, became a part of his personality, and stuck to him thenceforth through life, and will be inscribed upon his tomb-

stone—should Fortune so far change her mood as to allow him to have one, which is a matter for doubt—we never knew. It is doubtful if he knew himself. It was all he had to show for his labor in some mining-camp when he left it, and, as the camp itself is probably long since numbered with the things which were, but are not, what matters it where it was located, or who labored in it? In any event, it usurped the place of the name given him in baptism, and, like most California nicknames, was appropriate.

"You are out of luck," said a rough miner, to whom he had detailed his misfortunes and wanderings for an hour.

"Out of luck! Well, I wish to Heaven I was; you may gamble on that; but I ain't. Why, God bless you, stranger, I'm just in a streak of luck from morning to night, and from one year's end to another, and the *cussedest* luck! Why, I have just had more luck than would sink a ship, and have got it yet!" And, to do him justice, he had.

He crossed the plains in '49. He had a good outfit supplied him by his neighbors in Illinois, who fitted him out, "on shares," as a speculation. They are still waiting in expectation of dividends on those shares—that is, what are left of them above-ground. His best horse was stolen from him near "St. Joe," and he traded the other and the double harness off for a pair of oxen, with a cow thrown in. One of his oxen was gobbled by the Indians on the Plate, and he sold, gave away, or threw away, half his load of provisions, yoked the cow up with the remaining ox, and started on again. The cow died on the head-waters of the Humboldt, and he rode the ox down to "the Sink," where it gave out as well; and he made the remainder of the journey alone, footing it by day, and camping with any family who would give him a supper and the use of a spare blanket at night.

He reached Placerville at last, and got a job, waiting on the table at an hotel, at good wages. At the end of the second month he tried his hand at a game of faro, and won eleven hundred and eighty dollars. There was a gushing young lady, who tended bar in a dance-house, who knew him before he made this "ten-strike." She suddenly discovered that he was a very good fellow, and not bad-looking. She suggested to him that it would be a good thing for them to go into partnership, matrimonial and financial, and start an hotel at Coon Holler, a new and promising camp not far from Placerville, or, as it was then familiarly known, "Hangtown." The financial partnership was to be immediate and absolute, and the matrimonial one prospective and contingent. The arrangement suited him; they rented the hotel, and she started down to Sacramento to buy some necessary articles for the bar before going to "keep a tavern." She took his money with her, and—did not come back. He borrowed fifty dollars from an acquaintance, followed her down to Sacramento, and there learned that she had gone to "the Bay," in company with a big fellow known as Sandy Bob, who came out with her from New York, and who, if he was not her husband, ought to have been. No use going any farther after her.

After his borrowed fifty dollars were all expended, he got a situation as "assistant bullwhacker" on an ox-train, and made his way up to Fiddletown, where he came across a friend, who took him into partnership in a placer gold-claim, then supposed to be worthless. They "struck it rich" in two weeks, sold out for a "big stake," and started for San Francisco. On the way down the Sacramento River on a steamer, Concatenation Bill took a hand in a game of draw-poker, just to pass away the time, and, not only lost every cent of his own money, but all his partner's share as well. In San Francisco he had varied adventures, finding employment in a dozen different kinds of business, only to be thrown out of it by some unfortunate occurrence, and find himself "dead broke" every time. He went to Frazer River, and came back broke; then to Washoe, and came back broke again. Then he made his way southward, fished for sharks, and gathered *abalones* at San Pedro, and, after a time, made himself generally useless upon a stock-rancho. The Arizona gold excitement of 1862-'63 took him across the desert to the Colorado River. Near La Paz he found a small vein or deposit of "silver copper glance" ore, which he "located," and sold to a San Francisco expert for three hundred dollars; and, with the money thus obtained, he started a small "dead-fall," proposing to supply the honest miners with liquor and cards at a handsome advance on original cost. The first day's business was a success, and he entertained high hopes of a change of fortune for the better. Vain hope! On the second day a man came into his shanty for a drink, and fell down dead from heart-disease

before reaching the counter. The rumor went abroad suddenly that the respected and lamented deceased—who had immigrated from Northern California or Southern Oregon on account of a prospective lawsuit involving the title to a horse—had died just *after*, instead of just *before*, swallowing a glass of Concatenation Bill's best whiskey. It was warm weather, and the gold and copper seekers of that district were at that time an excitable set, with no wholesome restraint on their conduct in the shape of courts and legal enactments. In an hour fifty men were examining his stock, and testing it as a committee of the whole, by way of deciding whether it would kill or not. It did not directly kill those who drank it then and there without paying for it; but it led to a fight, in which two honest miners were "laid out" with bullet-holes through them; and the indignant citizens, with the crude ideas of justice then prevailing, held Bill responsible for the result, and, when the row was over, organized a vigilance committee with the determination of "going for him" as soon as daylight came, to enable them to beat up his hiding-place in the *chaparral*. Luckily for him, he learned of their amiable intentions in season, and, before morning broke over the Weaver Mountains, he broke in that direction himself. They heard from him next by a Mexican, who met him at Granite Wash, forty miles eastward of the river, and, having cooled down a little meantime, concluded not to pursue him.

Next he turned up at Wickenburg, on the Hassiyampi. Wickenburg was a lively place at that time. Jack Snelling was a capital fellow, but inclined to be too playful at times, and indulge in little practical jokes, which usually resulted in somebody being sent out of town perforated like a colander. Jack was festively inclined on the day on which our friend arrived, and had been around town and compelled all the traders to close their shops and go home, on pain of instant death. As Concatenation Bill rode down the single long street which formed the city, Jack sighted him, and, mistaking him for a man who had once insulted him by refusing to drink with him, "went for him" the moment he dismounted, and thrashed him within an inch of his life before he discovered his mistake. Concatenation Bill accepted Jack's apology and a drink, but thought business too lively to be permanent in Wickenburg, washed the blood from his face, bound a piece of raw beef upon one of his eyes, and started on next morning before sunrise.

In the course of his travels he was seen at Hooper & Co.'s store, on the Gila, and for some time he was at home at Tucson.

Two or three years after the adventure at La Paz, Concatenation Bill came down Bill William's Fork from Dale Creek and Prescott, and for some weeks was one of the fixtures of the copper-mining camp at the Great Central and Planet mines, twelve miles above the mouth of the Fork, near Aubrey City. Nobody asked him to stop, and nobody seemed to care to ask him to leave; so he partook of the hospitalities of the camp, never missing a meal, nor paying a cent, day after day and night after night, until it was whispered around among the miners that he was a heavy stockholder in the company, and that it would be well to keep on the good side of him.

It was in midsummer, and the heat was terrible. All day long the naked red mountains absorbed the fierce heat of the burning sun, and all night they gave it off, as the bricks of the baker's-oven give back to the atmosphere within it the heat received from the blazing wood-fire just raked out. Sleep, until far into the morning hours, was an impossibility, in doors or out, and the miners were wont to stretch themselves on their blankets beneath the long veranda at the *hacienda* and while away the early part of the night, fighting mosquitoes and swapping lies, which were about equally abundant in that camp.

Not long before this time the Mojaves of the Colorado went to war with the Pimas and Maricopas of the Gila. The first skirmish resulted in the rapid retreat of the Pimas, with the loss of four bucks and one squaw. But the second fight was disastrous to the Mojaves, who were compelled to retreat with great loss.

Now, it so happened that Concatenation Bill had been on the Gila at or about that time, and either saw the fight, or heard the details from some one who did, and he had worked up the incidents into a wonderful romance, of which he was the principal hero, and never tired of telling. No one about the camp knew aught to the contrary, and the story, for want of contradiction, became one of the acknowledged and respected legends of the Fork. But for an unfortunate incident, which I shall presently relate, it would have passed into history, and been handed down to posterity with all the claim to reverence and credence which attaches to that of William Tell, or the

infant G. W. and his hatchet and his father's cherry-trees. One day, just as the sun was going down in the orange-hued western sky, and the sweating cook was calling the toilers at the mine to dinner with the welcome clangor of his bell, a game-looking young frontiersman, in buckskin garments and broad Pike County hat, rode down the steep declivity of the Red Mountain and made his way into camp. He was made free of the camp, and turned in with the rest on the veranda at night. Stories came on in due course, and, at a hint from some one of the crowd, Concatenation Bill started in with the true and romantic history of the "Great Indian Fight on the Gila." Thus went he on:

"Well, you see, boys, the old chief of the Pimas and Maricopas found things was going agin 'em after the first fight, and they looked about 'em for a leader who knew how to put up the pins for a victory. They pitched on me, and I drew up the plan of the campaign right away. The next night I laid for the Mojaves, and got 'em. They came up the river, yelling like devils, and drove our picket-guard before 'em like chaff; but, when I got 'em just in the right spot, I gave the word, and we riz on 'em. I never did feel guilty at taking human life before, but, the fact is, that slaughter was frightful, and it came to be a perfect butchery before we got through. I swear to man that the Gila riz over a foot, but I don't say it was *all* owing to the blood which run into it. There was about two thousand dead Mojaves floating down the stream, and they probably choked it up at some p'int where it was narrer like, and so set the water back more or less. Right in the thickest of the fight, when it seemed for a few minutes as if the Mojaves—who was game to the last—was goin' to get the best of us, I went for their chief, and downed him with a blow from my revolver, and was cooking my weapon to give him a settler, when old Ickthermiree, his second in command, and about half a dozen lieutenants, made for me, and we all clinched and went down. I got one arm loose, and, pulling my bowie-knife, commenced slashing right and left, when—"

Concatenation Bill never told us what happened after that. When he commenced the story, the stranger, who was lying some feet away, listened attentively for a few minutes, and then slowly rose to a sitting position, and then to his feet. As the story progressed he moved quietly toward the spot where Bill was lying, and started that worthy by suddenly appearing over him, towering up like a giant in the moonlight, and every feature convulsed with excitement.

"You did that, stranger?" he exclaimed, with stentorian lungs, and accents indicative of rage repressed until it was at the point of bursting him.

"Yes, me!" was Bill's reply, delivered in a slightly less confident tone.

The stranger jumped about four feet into the air, cracked his heels together so that the report sounded like the firing of a musket, swung his revolver around to the front so as to be ready for instant use, and, as he came down, fairly yelled:

"Well, by the great horn spoon, stranger, that is singular! I hope I may be sunk in — this minute if there was but one white man thar, an' I'm the man!"

The camp was as still as death in an instant. Every man expected to hear the report of a revolver, and waited in breathless silence for the crowning catastrophe.

"Yow the man?"

"Yes, by the bloody jumping tom-cats of Jerusalem, ME! Take a good look at me. I can just eat any ten men that dar say any thing to the contrary!"

The silence grew deeper. Concatenation Bill lay motionless for a moment, looking up at his opponent in the moonlight; then, apparently satisfied that he was a man of his word, and was able to carry it out, slowly turned over on his side, and, drawing the corner of his blanket over his head, remarked, with a voice as free from excitement as that of an infant quietly resting in its mother's arms:

"Well, I reckon that lets me out!"

A peal of laughter from all but the two rang out on the desert air, and was answered by a wild yap-yap-yap ya hoo-oo-oo from the startled wolves, which were prowling around the camp by dozens. The stranger went sulkily back to his blankets and lay down. Again and again the loud laughter pealed forth on the air, but not a word or a sound of any kind came from Bill to denote his consciousness. He had played that hand for all it was worth, and was fairly raised out at last.

When the summits of the distant Harcuvar Mountains were glinting with the rays of the rising sun, the miners of the Fork were up and stirring, as was their wont. The breakfast-bell sounded, and a rush was made for the dining-room. A familiar face was missing, and there was a vacant place at the table for the first time in weeks. Concatenation Bill was gone. The camp which had known him so long was to know him no more forever. In the gray of the dawn he had stealthily risen, folded his blankets, packed up his traps, saddled his hipshot mule, and departed, as silently as a ghost, not deigning even a gruff good-by to anybody about the premises. What became of him we never knew. The road to La Paz he had travelled too often; that to Salt Lake was beset by the Hualapais; and that to Prescott and Tucson was lined with Apaches. Did he take "the road that Ward's ducks went?" We shuddered at the thought; but, in sheer desperation, he may have done so.

A few days later, the writer and a party of frontiersmen friends paused before a lowly grave on the road to Skull Valley, over which some wandering Mexicans had erected a rude cross of stone in testimony of the fact that there rested the remains of a *Christiano*. There was an empty bottle by the side of the grave, and on the label the initials "C. B." Did those initials stand for "Cognac Brandy" or "Concatenation Bill?"

The party were about equally divided on the question of the probabilities; but it is a rule on the frontier never to miss such an opportunity merely for an uncertainty, so we reverently drank to the memory of the illustrious departed, the hero of "the Great Indian Fight on the Gila," then rode away into new scenes and new dangers; and henceforth, to all that reckless party save the writer, Bill was as dead, and almost as thoroughly forgotten, as

"The little birds that sang
A hundred years ago."

ALBERT S. EVANS.

THE POISON OF ASPS:

A NOVELETTE.

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT (MRS. ROSS CHURCH).

"The poison of asps is under their lips."

"A lie that is all a lie may be met with and fought outright,
But a lie that is part a truth is a harder matter to fight."

TENNYSON.

CHAPTER XI.

"WELL, Marion! I hope you are satisfied with your day's work," exclaimed Mrs. Beale, bursting into a feeble flood of tears, as the slam of the hall-door and the sound of retreating carriage-wheels upon the gravelled drive announced that Mrs. Archer's threat had been carried into execution, and she had left Ash Grove.

Mrs. Beale had heard her daughter say that she should quit the house, and had even been aware that preparations for her departure were being made without raising a single objection on the subject; but now that it was *un fait accompli*—that it was impossible to recall Eugenia for either persuasion or remonstrance, her cowardice got the better of her offended pride, and she began to consider what "people" would say, when they heard that Mrs. Archer had left her roof like a discharged servant, at an hour's warning.

"Satisfied!" said Mrs. Elliot, as she raised her woe-begone face from the shelter of her hands, and confronted her mother's gaze; "satisfied, to learn that one, whom I know at this moment to be dearer to me than any other earthly thing—that one in whom I believed as my model of all that is most pure and womanly and straightforward, should have deceived us for so many months in such a bitter manner, and become frank only to confess that she has lost her right to any claim on our affections. Oh, mother! if to feel broken-hearted is to be satisfied, I am so. And though I suppose it is best, for Amy's sake, that my eyes should have been opened, I do not feel as though I could ever forgive the person who has helped to open them."

"I suppose you are alluding to my dear Antoinette?" remarked Mrs. Beale, with a return of her former offence; "and, as usual, in any thing but a sisterly manner. It is surprising to me, Marion, that you, who profess to be a Christian, can keep up such a spirit of enmity with regard to all that my dear girl says or does. Antoinette

affirms that she has the best authority for what she writes; and it is evident, from the way in which your sister Eugenia received the communication, that she is correct. The folly of the whole transaction lies in Eugenia taking umbrage at what was written in kindness, and leaving Ash Grove in such a hurry, that all Fairmead will be talking of the business before night."

"Would you have had her remain here?" demanded Mrs. Elliot, in surprise. "If those stories are false, to repeat them was the greatest insult we could offer her—"

"They are *not* false!" said Mrs. Beale, decidedly. "Ask yourself if it can be so; you heard the answers which Eugenia made to my questions."

Mrs. Elliot shuddered.

"If—if they are *true* (ah! God help her, poor girl!), she has still less reason for wishing to remain in our society. How could she continue to face us—how join in our ordinary conversation, our meals, our prayers? Oh no, mamma! it is far better, every way, that she should have gone—there was no alternative; Eugenia saw that herself."

"Well! certainly, considering all things, and that you have Amy Elliot here, I suppose it was the better plan. But I wish she had just waited a few days; that she had not gone in quite such a hurry; I am so afraid of what 'people' will say."

"Oh! let them talk; what can it signify?" said Marion, wearily; "that appears to me quite a secondary consideration. I am thinking of how we shall drag on the next few weeks—of what a miserable Christmas it will be without her."

"I don't see why it need be so very miserable, my dear," replied Mrs. Beale, who was beginning to be reconciled to the state of affairs, and to remember that her spare room was again vacant: "we are a comfortable little party in ourselves, and now that poor Eugenia has chosen to go off in that flighty manner, I shall be able to ask dear Antoinette to bring down some of the children to spend their Christmas with us."

But at this proposal Marion started to her feet.

"Never, mother!" she exclaimed, energetically; "never, unless you wish to see me and Amy quit your house, as Eugenia has just done. Eugenia may be deceitful—she may be faulty, she may be *criminal*—but I would rather see my daughter follow her, wherever she may be, than sit down in fellowship with the woman, who, under the guise of friendship, has so injured her character. Antoinette Lennox's stories may be true—God and time can only prove whether they are so or not; but, granted it is the case, *hers* was not the hand that should have been lifted to cast the first stone. We were living happily and unsuspectingly together; Eugenia had done her no wrong; what devil can have tempted her to set a watch upon her actions, that she might soil her fair name in our eyes? I say that, in the main, Mrs. Lennox may be right; but, though I have seen Eugenia quit the shelter of this roof to-day, and felt I had no right to say a word that should detain her, I refuse utterly to join hands of fellowship with the woman who has been the cause of her departure. I despise your daughter, mother; I despise her conduct toward her husband, her children, and her friends; and in this unfortunate affair I read but another example of her mean treachery. Ask her to Ash Grove, if you think fit to do so—the house is yours; but the day she enters I leave it, and that forever. Henceforward there can be no home for me or mine where Antoinette Lennox is admitted."

This was just the sort of tirade on the part of Mrs. Elliot which, being unanswerable, had the effect of making Mrs. Beale wring her hands and feebly weep, and wonder what she had brought daughters into the world for, to repay her by ingratitude in her old age. But with Marion it was a call to exertion. While she thought only of Eugenia and the bitterness of her own disappointment, she had seemed incapable of rousing herself from the state of grief into which she had fallen; but with the idea of Mrs. Lennox summoned to Ash Grove, to take possession of the deserted spare room, and to exult, perhaps, over the success of her scheme to prove she was no worse than her sister, all her usual energy returned, and she quitted her mother's bedroom to go in search of Amy, who was anxiously waiting some explanation of Mrs. Archer's sudden flight.

Her girlish curiosity was quickly appeased with some story that was not too much unlike the truth; and then the household settled down into its old ways, and as little mention as possible was made of the absent Eugenia. But, at the same time, Mrs. Lennox received no

encouragement to spend her Christmas at Ash Grove, although she sent forth more than one powerful hint that such an invitation would not be unacceptable. Meanwhile Eugenia, more broken-spirited, if that were possible, than she had been before, reached London with her little children. She had refused to take Susan Williams with her, although the girl had been most anxious to go, and had preferred, ill as she could afford it, to pay her a month's wages to having a spy set upon her actions in the great city. And besides, a nurse was a luxury which she felt she must now dispense with, for she was very poor indeed—poorer than she had even calculated herself to be, until, the excitement of the day over, she sat down by the side of her sleeping children, in a shabbily-furnished apartment, somewhere in the precincts of Tottenham Court Road, and counted up her slender means. She had arrived from India with a tolerably well-filled purse; but various disbursements had so reduced it, that she found, to her consternation, she had barely twenty pounds remaining. And for how long would twenty pounds maintain them, she and these poor helpless little creatures, who had no one but herself to depend upon? Having had no experience of housekeeping in England, the prospect appeared even more formidable to Eugenia than it might have done to another woman, and on that first night, in her faint-heartedness, she was almost ready to pray that they might all be taken from a world of misery before her scanty store came to an end. She knew that there was money lying in the hands of McAlberty & Wigson—more than sufficient to maintain them in comfort for a year—money, which it required but her signature to make her own; but she never dreamed of it as hers, or possible to be applied for her benefit. She would rather have starved, have seen her children starve, than touch a shilling of it. It was not hers, nor his, nor theirs; to use it was, in her eyes, to commit a robbery, and, if the idea flickered for an instant across her mind, it was as instantly dismissed. "No!" thought Eugenia to herself, "whatever are my faults, or may have been, they shall never have it in their power to say I made myself a willing partaker in that crime;" and she kept her resolution to the end. Yet, though it is easy to be virtuous and heroic when we have the necessities of life around us, it becomes very difficult when we are deprived of them. And Mrs. Archer and her children were deprived of them only too soon. The weather was bitterly cold, and, in fuel and food and extra clothing, her small riches soon took to themselves wings and flew away, and she had already begun to wonder to whose charge she could intrust her little ones, were she obliged to leave them to work for their living and her own.

Of course she had written to her husband, had explained to him the painful position in which she was placed, and warned him of the report of Mr. Carden's presence in England, which, if true, she feared boded no good to his cause. But she had received no answer to her epistles, nor seen any thing of Henry Archer himself, and she was fearful that he had ceased to make inquiries for his letters at the Charing Cross Post-office, or wished perhaps to break off all communication with her. She might have gone to see him at his old address, but, after his last reception of her and the promise she had then made, she did not dare to venture in his presence; added to which there was growing up in her heart, alongside with her fear of him, a loathing and repugnance which alarmed even herself. And so she tried to battle on single-handed, spending as little and saving as much as she possibly could, and hoping against hope that her husband might yet be touched by the accounts she sent him, and come to their rescue.

But all this time she blamed no one so much as herself for the trouble which had overtaken her. She knew that her husband was a despicable character, and that it was by reason of his lack of honor and affection and right feeling that she was compelled to go through the world deceiving as she went. She knew that if Antoinette Lennox was a shade better, it was because the circumstances of her life had been more favorable to her; she felt that these two, though in different ways, had cruelly injured herself, and that if the one had not, for his own selfish purposes, placed her in a wrong position, the malice of the other would have had no power to sting. Yet, though she acknowledged the evil done her, she would not allow her mind to dwell blamefully upon these enemies of her peace; but, when the children were at rest, and she had leisure to indulge herself in a few bitter tears, would rather mourn that she had been so weak—so cowardly, so little to be trusted, as by her foolish awkwardness to permit suspicion to be directed toward herself and bring so much discom-

fort, and perhaps hardship, on the innocent creatures who called her "mother."

It is not to be supposed that, mixed with her self-accusation, there did not come regretful thoughts of Marion, and the affection she had lost in her. They came in hosts, and were none the less hard to bear because she imagined that that loss might have been avoided. And so the weary days went on, each one dawning and dying without bringing any news of her husband or her home, and Eugenia had almost decided that her troubles must be at their climax, when little Claude fell sick of the measles, and she found that to every phase of misfortune there is a worse. He was a delicate child, always had been, and, from some accidental circumstance of cold or mismanagement at the commencement of the disease, was soon so ill that medical advice was absolutely necessary.

Eugenia never once thought of her straitened means; naturally nervous and excitable, she was wild with fear and anxiety about her child, and called in the most able assistance of which she knew. And the professional dictum was not favorable. Baby Claude was very weak, and his tender frame was battling with two diseases at the same time; and it did not require the mother's instinct, sharpened by alarm, to see that the doctor thought his chances of recovery were small.

And on Christmas Eve he was at his worst. On that occasion Eugenia—who, for several days and nights, had been sitting by his bedside, watching his labored breathing and attacks of pain, and in her heart calling God hard names for being about to take her darling from her—suddenly seemed to realize that in a few hours it would be all over, and that the father had a right to see his child before he died.

She had written to tell him of their boy's illness and danger, but had received no answer; and believed that her letter must be lying at the post-office, in company with the others which she had dispatched. Surely, had it reached his hand, he never could have resisted such an appeal! And now Claude was going—each hour he seemed weaker than the one before—would her husband ever forgive her if she denied him his natural right to see the last of his child? She must dare every thing; his displeasure—even the risk of his discovery—to let him know the sorrow which awaited them. Half-stupefied with grief, she tremblingly arrayed herself in her walking-apparel—drew a thick veil over her face—and, confiding the little invalid to the woman of the house, who had shared her care of him during his illness, stole out of the darkened room into the frosty evening air, and walked as fast as her failing limbs would permit her in the direction of the lodgings where she had last parted with her husband. She had some difficulty in finding her way, for the intervening streets were unknown to her; but she reached the spot at last, and with an anxious, hurried air, and a voice half-broken by emotion, entered the dingy chandler's-shop, which formed the ground-floor of the building.

The shop was thronged with dirty customers, for Christmas Eve was as important an occasion as Saturday night, and the lady with the sloopy figure, with whom Eugenia had previously conferred, had her hands as full of work as she could well manage, as she stood behind the counter, weighing out bacon and cheese, and tying up parcels of raisins and sugar.

Eugenia, who at another moment would have shrunk from contact with the rough crew around her, only thought how time was ebbing—how precious to her was each remaining moment of her child's life, and, boldly pushing her way forward to the counter, inquired if Mrs. Barratt's lodger happened to be within.

But the vehement and most unexpected exclamation by which her ordinary words were greeted, made her start as though she had been shot.

"Within? No, he wasn't within, nor had been for weeks past. Thank Heaven, she had cleared her house of all such rubbish! Her lodger, forsooth; a fine lodger; a dirty, stinking, black creature, who never moved hand nor foot to help himself, but expected honest English folk to wait on him as though he had been a lord, and then walked off, without leaving so much as a thankye behind him, and four weeks' rent owing, besides ever so much as they had provided him from the shop. A rare fine lodger!" Mrs. Barratt hoped "as she'd seen the last of sich; and, perhaps, as the lady took sich an uncommon interest in him, she'd have no objections to settle the bill as he'd left behind him; which would be but reasonable after the care they'd taken of him on her account."

But when Eugenia hesitated to fulfil this demand—excusing herself for being in a great hurry, and having left her purse at home—the volley of coarse abuse by which she was saluted made her hurriedly quit the shop.

"A lady! You ain't no lady! I wouldn't call myself sich if I was you! Well, I'm but common folk, but I wouldn't demean myself by taking up with a black brute like that ere. And then to refuse to pay his bills, and to leave honest people to be robbed wholesale. I'd be ashamed of such behavior!" And, amid loud jeers, foul insinuations, and many an oath, she ran into the street again, thankful to find that she was free of them.

But there, the fright and the excitement over, she remembered only that her child was dying—that she had failed to find his father, and that she must hurry homeward if she would see his last breath drawn.

Eagerly—tremblingly—she took her way back again; blindly stumbling up against passing passengers; her heart beating meanwhile as though her life were ebbing from her with each throb; until she reëntered the dark passage of the dull house which she now occupied.

All was still as death; there was no light on the stairs, nor movement on the landing. She stopped one moment, and laid her hand on her breast; was it possible he could be already gone? A door opened above; yearningly—imploringly, and yet, with the power of volition gone, she gazed up at the figure which emerged thence—the figure of her landlady.

"Mrs. Johnson! tell me—tell me quickly!—is it over?"

"Over? Bless your dear heart, no; nor will be for many a long year! Praise the Lord! The doctor's here, my dear; he's been here for a goodish bit, with another gentleman, and he says as the dear child has taken a decided turn for the better, and in a few days we shall see him on his legs again."

At this news, so glad and unexpected, strength and energy seemed to return to the mother's frame; and, with an exclamation of joy, she bounded up the narrow staircase, and entered the dilapidated-looking sitting-room.

"Doctor, doctor!" with an eagerness that hardly permitted her to draw her breath; "is it true?—is it really true? Will my darling live?" and then the light seemed to dance before her eyes, as another voice than Dr. Graham's spoke the reassuring words:

"Calm yourself, dear Mrs. Archer; Claude is out of danger; he will do well."

The reaction from despair to hope was too much for her. She gazed up, for one moment of unspeakable surprise, into the face of Geoffrey Carden, and then—with a frightened cry of "Why are you here, Mr. Carden? What have you discovered?"—sunk fainting at his feet.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE PLANET MARS.

FROM PROCTOR'S "OTHER WORLD'S THAN OURS."

IT is singular that, among all the orbs which circle around the sun, one only, and that almost the least of the primary planets, should exhibit clearly and unmistakably the signs which mark a planet as the abode of life. The planet Mars exhibits in the clearest manner the traces of adaptation to the wants of living beings, such as we are acquainted with. Processes are at work on his surface which appear utterly useless—a real waste of Nature's energies—unless, like their correlatives on earth, they subserve the wants of organized beings. For, if Mars be, indeed, untenanted by any forms of life, then these processes, going on year after year, and century after century, represent an exertion of Nature's energies which appears absolutely without conceivable utility. If one cloud out of a hundred of those which shed their waters upon Mars supplies in any degree the wants of living creatures, then the purport of those clouds is not unintelligible; but, if not a single race of beings peoples that distant world, then, indeed, we seem compelled to say that, in Mars at least, Nature's forces are wholly wasted.

The globe of Mars is about five thousand miles in diameter, so that his linear dimensions bear to those of the earth the proportion of about five to eight. His surface, therefore, is less than that of the earth in the proportion of about twenty-five to sixty-four, or, more

exactly (and more conveniently), the surface of the earth is two and a half times as extensive as that of Mars. The substance of Mars has an average density rather less than three-fourths of our earth's, or very nearly four times that of water. Thus gravity at his surface is much less than terrestrial gravity. It is, in fact, even less than gravity at the surface of Mercury, inasmuch that one of our pound-weights placed at the surface of Mars would weigh but six ounces three penny-weights, instead of nearly seven ounces, as on Mercury. A Daniel Lambert on Mars would be able to leap easily to a height of five or six feet, and he could run faster than the best of our terrestrial athletes: A man of his weight, but proportioned more suitably for athletic exercises, could leap over a twelve-foot wall. On the other hand, a light and active stripling removed to Jupiter would be scarcely able to move from place to place. On the sun his own weight would simply crush him to death.

Mars travels in an orbit of considerable eccentricity; in fact, the centre of his orbit is no less than thirteen million miles from the sun. Accordingly, the light and heat he receives from that luminary vary to an important extent. In fact, he gets about half as much heat and light again when in perihelion as when in aphelion. This circumstance affects to an important extent the climatic relations of his two hemispheres.

When Mars is at his mean distance from the sun, the light and heat he receives are less than ours in the proportion of about four to nine. The length of his year also constitutes a noteworthy circumstance in which his habitudes differ from those of our earth. His year contains very nearly six hundred and eighty-seven of our days, so that each of the Martial quarters lasts about five and two-thirds of our months. But, owing to the eccentricity of his orbit, the winter and summer of the northern and southern hemispheres are not equal. The Martial day is nearly forty minutes longer than ours.

His equator is inclined at an angle of about twenty-seven and a quarter degrees to the plane of his orbit, and, as the corresponding inclination in the case of the earth is about twenty-three and a half degrees, it will be seen that his seasonal changes do not differ much in character, so far at least as they depend on inclination, from our own.

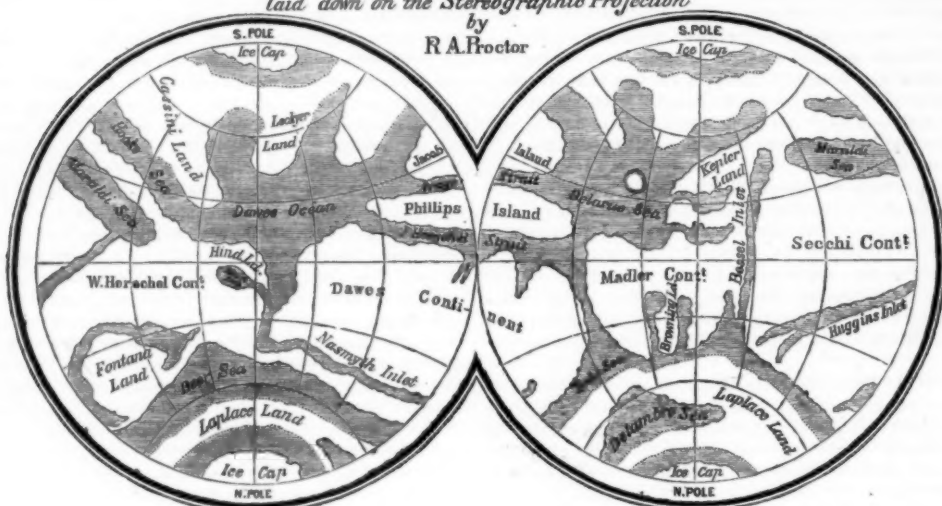
The axis of Mars is so situated that the summer of his northern hemisphere occurs when he is at his greatest distance from the sun. The same relation holds in the case of the earth, the sun being one million five hundred thousand miles nearer to us in winter than in summer, whereas, to those who live in the southern hemisphere, he approaches nearer in summer than in winter. But the effects resulting from the relation in the case of Mars must be very much more striking than those we recognize. For, whereas the sun gives only one-fifteenth more heat to the whole earth in January than he does in July, the sun of Mars gives half as much light again in perihelion as in aphelion. The summer of the northern hemisphere of Mars must be rendered much cooler and the winter much warmer by this arrangement. On the other hand, the contrast between the summer and winter of the southern hemisphere is rendered more striking than it otherwise would be.

It is, however, the telescopic aspect of Mars, rather than relations such as we have been dealing with, that affords the most interesting evidence respecting the fitness of the planet to be the abode of living creatures. Although the least but one among the primary planets—a mere speck compared with Jupiter and Saturn—Mars has been examined more minutely and under more favorable circumstances than any object in the heavens, except the moon. He does not approach us so closely as Venus, nor does his disk appear so large as Jupiter's; yet he is seen more favorably than the former planet, and on a larger scale, in reality, than the latter. In fact, whereas Venus is one of the most unsatisfactory of all telescopic objects, Mars is one of the most pleasing; and, whereas Jupiter is always more than three hundred and eighty million miles from us, Mars sometimes approaches us within less than forty million miles.

Yet even this distance is enormous, and it affords high evidence of the skill with which modern telescopes are constructed and used that astronomers should have been able to span that mighty gulf, and to bring from beyond it reliable information respecting the structure of so distant a world. Such information has been brought, however, and is full of interest.

Viewed with the naked eye, the most remarkable feature Mars presents is his ruddy color. In the telescope this color is not lost; but,

A CHART OF MARS
laid down on the Stereographic Projection
by
R. A. Proctor



Instead of characterizing the whole surface of the planet, it is confined to particular regions—the intermediate parts being for the most part darker, and of a somewhat greenish hue. But a noteworthy feature adds largely to the beauty of the picture presented by the globe of Mars. Two bright spots of white light are seen on opposite sides of his disk, presenting precisely such an appearance as we might imagine the snowy poles of our earth to exhibit to an astronomer on the planet Venus.

Toward the edge of the disk, the ruddy and the greenish tracts are lost in a misty whiteness, which grows gradually brighter up to the very border of the planet. We shall presently see that this peculiarity, rightly understood, is one of the most instructive features of the planet's aspect.

No telescopicist has yet been able to recognize a satellite attending on the Planet of War.

It was discerned, more than two hundred years ago, that the reddish spots on Mars, and the darker regions which lie between them, are not accidental or variable phenomena, but represent permanent peculiarities of the Martian surface. Cassini, with one of those outrageously long telescopes which were used before the invention of achromatic refractors, was the first to discover this. But the ingenious Hooke seems to have obtained better views of Mars in 1666. At least, his pictures of the planet are the only ones, taken in the seventeenth century, in which I can recognize the now well-known aspect of the Martian continents and oceans.

Since then, Maraldi and the Herschels, Arago, Secchi, Kunowski, Beer, and Mädler, and a host of other eminent astronomers, have not thought the study of the planet's aspect beneath their notice. Within the last few years, also, this work has been prosecuted by Nasmyth and Jacob, Delarue and Phillips, and finally and most successfully by Lockyer and Dawes. The last-named observer, especially, whose acuteness of vision earned for him the title of the eagle-eyed, took so many and such admirable views of the planet as to render it possible to form a globe of Mars. Sir William Herschel had charted the planet, and Messrs. Beer and Mädler had made improved Martian maps; while Professor Phillips, from observations made by himself and Mr. Lockyer, had constructed two globes of Mars in which many features were presented. But Mr. Dawes's pictures of the planet were sufficient, when carefully compared, for the formation of a globe in which no large area of the planet should be left bare of details. He intrusted to me no less than twenty-seven drawings of Mars the choicest specimens of a very large series, that I might chart the planet from them. Four of his drawings are shown in the accompanying plate. They are so selected, that the features just coming into view in one are just passing away in the next. The accompanying chart of Mars exhibits the results obtained from the study of the complete series. This chart is on

the stereographic projection, and is inverted—the south polar regions, that is, are at the top—because the telescopes commonly used by observers exhibit inverted views of the celestial objects. At the top of the map we see the icy region which lies at the southern pole of Mars. Around that region is a sea unnamed in the map. Then along the southern temperate zone there lie several tracts of Martial land, named after Cassini, Lockyer, and other astronomers. These regions appear to form a continuous land-belt round the temperate zone; though there is some uncertainty on this point, owing to the fact that the coast-line is not often very distinctly visible. We now approach, however, a part of the map where all the features are thoroughly recognized and permanent. Next to the circle of land just described, there is a nearly complete circle of water, one strip only of land connecting the equatorial continents of Mars with the south temperate zone of minor continents. Beginning at the eastern or left-hand extremity of the map, we have a long sea called Maraldi Sea, parallel to which runs Hooke Sea, trending in a northwesterly direction, and so running into Dawes Ocean; still farther west are two vast islands, called Jacob Island and Phillips Island, between which runs Arago Strait. Beyond these islands lies Delarue Ocean, communicating by narrow straits with two strikingly similar seas. Here the zone of water ends, and we have only to note further respecting it that in Delarue Ocean there is a large island, which presents so strikingly brilliant an aspect that it has been supposed to be covered (ordinarily) with snow. It has been called Dawes's Ice Island.

I now come to the most remarkable feature of the Martian geography—or perhaps I ought rather to say *areography*. This is the great equatorial zone of continents. There are four of these. On the left of the map is Herschel I. Continent. Next is Dawes Continent, the largest of the four, and separated from the former by a long sea called Kaiser Sea. This sea is one of the most striking marks on the planet, and has been recognized from the earliest days of telescopic observation. It is connected toward the east with a flask-shaped sea, somewhat resembling the two which lie at the western extremity of the zone of water just described. At its northernmost end it turns sharply westward, and forms the southern boundary of Dawes Continent. Further west lies Mädler Continent, separated from Dawes Continent by a long strait, which runs almost directly north and south. Lastly, there is Secchi Continent, separated from Mädler Continent by Bessel Inlet and from Herschel Continent by Huggins Inlet. A large lake on the last-named continent is worthy of notice on account of its singular shape. It consists of two bell-shaped seas connected by a narrow and sharply-curved strait.

The northern half of Mars has not been so thoroughly examined as the southern. It is known, however, that, in all essential respects, it resembles the southern hemisphere. Next to the equatorial zone

of continents, there comes a zone of water, expanding at one point into Beer Sea, and at another into Tycho Sea. Then comes a zone of land, called Laplace Land, in which lies an enormous lake called De-lambre Sea. Next is a narrow zone of water, called the Schröter Sea; and so we reach the north polar ice-cap.

I have been speaking of the spots on Mars as though they undoubtedly represented land and water. But many may be disposed to question the evidence we have on this point—to ask why the ruddy spots should be held to be continents or islands, and the greenish-colored to be oceans, seas, and lakes? We know that, for a long time after the invention of the telescope, astronomers called the darker portions of the moon, *seas*. They spoke of the Sea of Serenity, the Sea of Crises, the Sea of Humors, and so on; and we now know for certain that these dusky regions are not seas. It may be asked, therefore, how we can feel certain that the dark spots on Mars are oceans.

At first sight, this question seems a difficult one to answer. The most powerful telescopes have been directed toward the moon, without affording any satisfactory information respecting the condition of its surface. Mars, therefore, which lies—even under the most favorable circumstances—more than one hundred and sixty times farther from us than the moon, might be thought to be altogether beyond the reach of our telescopes—so far, at least, as any knowledge of the Martian surface is concerned. But one important distinction between Mars and the moon must be carefully attended to. The surface of the moon is always the same—no natural processes seem ever to take place over that scene of desolation, though the moon is exposed to contrasts of temperature, compared with which the distinction between the intensest heat of our summers and the bitterest cold of our winters seems altogether evanescent. But on Mars, the case is certainly different. Whatever opinion we may form respecting Martian habitudes, whether we assume or not that Mars is the abode of any forms of animal life, there can be no question whatever that physical processes of change are taking place on a grand scale in that distant world. Many evidences of this can be at once adduced. We have spoken of the Martian features as constant. They differ, for instance, from the markings on Jupiter, which are as changeable as the aspect of our April skies. But though the same marking may have been seen by Hooke in 1666, by Maraldi in 1720, by Herschel in 1780, by Beer and Mädler in 1830-'37, and by Dawes in 1852-'65, yet it by no means follows that it is always visible when the part of Mars to which it belongs is turned toward us. A veil is sometimes drawn over it for hours or even days together. And this veil has nothing to do with the distinctness or indistinctness with which our own atmosphere permits us to see the planet. A spot will be blurred and indistinct when a neighboring marking is exhibited with unusual clearness.

But yet another peculiarity of the same sort remains to be mentioned. Mars, as I have said, has his winter and summer seasons. Since we know the position of the Martian equator upon his surface, we can tell what season is in progress in either hemisphere at any given time. Now, it has been noticed that, when it is winter in one hemisphere, and therefore summer in the other, the former hemisphere is nearly always hidden from view by just such a veil as I have spoken of above.

I may remark, in passing, that this peculiarity has led many observers to form very erroneous impressions respecting the distribution of land and water over the surface of Mars. Seeing one hemisphere covered for weeks together with whitish light, they have concluded that there are no oceans there; and, if they have no other opportunity of observing the planet, the mistaken impression remains, and is published to the world with all the authority of the observer's name.

Now, what is this veil which, sometimes for a few hours or days, at others for months together, is drawn over the features of the Martian globe? Have we any terrestrial analogies, by means of which we may interpret this phenomenon?

To answer these questions, let us conceive the case of an observer on Venus, watching our earth. Would such an observer always see the features of this globe with equal distinctness? When heavy masses of cloud are drawn over a wide expanse of country—spreading often, as meteorologists record, for hundreds and even thousands of miles—can we suppose that the astronomer on Venus could pierce through the veil? Since we cannot see the bright body of the sun through a dense cloud-veil, we may be certain that the observer on Venus cannot see the oceans and continents of our earth when thus

cloud-shadowed. So far as the cloud-veil extends, the lands and seas of this globe would be to him, at such a time, as though they were not.

Here, then, we have an argument from analogy for supposing that the veil, which from time to time conceals the Martian features, may resemble terrestrial cloud-banks. Let us next inquire whether there is any thing in the behavior of the Martian veil to justify this view.

It is clear that, if we held the concealing medium to be of a cloudy nature, the disappearance of the features of the hemisphere which is passing through the Martian winter, would indicate that in winter the Martian skies are more clouded than in summer. We know that this is the case on our own earth—that fogs and mists, clouds, rain, and snow, are phenomena far more frequently observed in winter than in summer. We know also why it is so. The cold winter air is unable to retain the aqueous vapor continually passing into it, and is thus forced to precipitate this vapor in one or other of the forms just named. Nor can we see any reason why the Martian atmosphere, supposing it to resemble our own, should not act in precisely the same manner. Thus we recognize, in the remarkable seasonal peculiarity above described, what seems to be the exact counterpart of processes recognized upon the earth.

And, though I admit that there is considerable objection to the mode of argument I am next going to make use of, yet as it is one which has great weight with many minds, and is not without its own peculiar force, I feel justified in applying it as a subsidiary support to the views I am discussing. It is known that the peculiarities which characterize terrestrial atmospheric phenomena tend in an important manner to mitigate the extremes of summer and winter temperature. The clouds which hang over our winter skies, far from acting to increase the coldness of winter through their effect in keeping off the sun's rays, in reality represent an enormous supply of heat brought from warmer parts of the earth, and liberated for our benefit as the invisible vapor of water assumes the form of cloud or rain. And, although these processes are strictly in accordance with natural laws, yet we are justified in recognizing them as evidences of the beneficence of the Almighty. Now, on Mars, we may be sure, the winters tend to be far more bitter than ours, partly because of his greater distance from the sun, but chiefly because of the more marked contrast existing between his various seasons. Hence, if there are living creatures on Mars, it can scarcely be doubted that an arrangement such as that which prevails on earth is yet more necessary to the welfare of the Martians. Thus we derive an argument from the *a priori* consideration of the nature of Martian requirements, to favor our interpretation of the phenomena actually observed.

To the evidence already dealt with may be added that which is afforded by the whiteness of the disk of Mars near the edge. Knowing that the parts of Mars which thus appear concealed in mist are those where it is morning or evening to the Martians, we see a close analogy here to terrestrial relations, since our own skies are commonly more moisture-laden in the morning and evening than near mid-day.

Of course, if we admit that the vaporous envelope which occasionally hides parts of Mars is aqueous, we must believe in the existence of oceans upon Mars. And, from our knowledge of the appearance of our own seas, we should immediately recognize the greenish parts of Mars as the Martian oceans, and look upon the ruddy parts as continents. We have seen that the behavior of the vaporous envelopes corresponds to that of our own clouds and fogs. But it might be thought possible that the vapors arise from fluids other than water; that, in fact, a state of things exists upon Mars wholly different from that which prevails upon our own earth.

Ten years ago it would have been very difficult to disprove such an argument as this, however *bizarre* it may seem. But the wonderful powers of the spectroscope have been applied to this question, and there is no mistaking the results which have been obtained. We must premise that this is hardly a case for the application of spectroscopic analysis, which (as available to the astronomer) deals most effectively with self-luminous objects. Still, there was a possibility that the light which comes from Mars might have been so acted upon by vapors in the Martian atmosphere that its spectrum would be affected in an appreciable manner.

Mr. Huggins examined Mars, in 1864, without satisfactory results, but, at the opposition of Mars, in 1867, he was more successful. In the following description of his most striking observation I epitomize

his account: On February 14th he examined Mars with a spectroscope attached to his powerful eight-inch refractor. The rainbow-colored streak was crossed, near the orange part, by groups of dark lines agreeing in position "with lines which make their appearance in the solar spectrum when the sun is low down, so that its light has to traverse the denser strata of our atmosphere." To determine whether these lines belonged to the light from Mars, or were caused by our own atmosphere, Mr. Huggins turned his spectroscope toward the moon, which happened to be nearer the horizon than Mars, so that the atmospheric lines would be stronger in the moon's spectrum than in that of the planet. But the group of lines referred to was not visible in the lunar spectrum. Hence it was clear that they belong to the Martial atmosphere, and not to ours.

I have said that these lines appear in the solar spectrum when the sun is shining through the denser strata of our atmosphere. Let us consider a moment the light which this fact throws on the nature of the Martial atmosphere. It must contain at least those constituent vapors whose existence in our atmosphere causes the appearance of these lines in the solar spectrum. Hence there must be some similarity between the Martial atmosphere and our own. But we know, from the researches of the Padre Secchi, that it is the aqueous vapor in our air which causes the appearance of the lines in question. Hence there must be aqueous vapor in the Martial atmosphere.

The water in the Martial air must be raised from seas and rivers upon the planet. These, therefore, consist of water and not of other fluids. The two white spots, then, on the Martial disk are no longer doubtful appearances. Before the discovery that water exists on Mars, it was perhaps somewhat bold to pronounce that these spots certainly indicate the presence of ice-fields around the Martial poles, resembling those which exist around the poles of the earth. Sir William Herschel, indeed, with that confidence which he always showed when he had a trustworthy analogy to guide him, came to this conclusion on the strength of the correspondence between the changes of the two spots and the progress of the Martial seasons. But many astronomers felt that there was still room to doubt whether we could really speak of the spots as

"The snowy poles of moonless Mars."

Now, however, we know that they can be no other than snow-caps. Nay, if Mars were so far off that we could not distinguish these spots, we could yet, on the strength of what the spectroscope has taught us, pronounce confidently that his polar regions must be ice-bound.

Let us proceed a step or two farther. We have seen that there are oceans on Mars; we know that clouds and vapors rise from those oceans, and are wafted over his continents; and, finally, we have learned that snow falls on the Martial polar regions. These things are very interesting in themselves; but they indicate the occurrence of processes yet more interesting. The formation and the dissipation of clouds are among the most important of all the processes by which Nature arranges and modifies the temperature of our earth. The heat of the sun's rays is used up, so to speak, in raising aqueous vapor from the surface of the ocean. Thus the air is rendered cooler than it otherwise would be, and this takes place just where coolness is most needed. But the aqueous vapor, once raised, is swept by the winds to other regions. So long as the air remains warm, the aqueous vapor remains unchanged; but so soon as it has been carried to colder regions it is condensed into the form of cloud or mist, and while changing to this form it parts with the heat which had turned it into vapor. Thus, where heat is in excess, it is used up in forming aqueous vapor, and where heat is wanted there the aqueous vapor distributes it.

We see, then, that on Mars there exists the same admirable contrivance for tempering climates which we find on our own earth.

But let us consider yet another office fulfilled by aqueous vapor. It not only serves to convey the heat from the warmer parts of the earth to those regions where heat is most needed. It forms clouds which serve to shelter the earth from the sun's heat by day, and to prevent the escape of the earth's heat by night, which, also, in refreshing rains, "drop fatness on the earth." Now, the clouds on Mars are certainly dissipated in some way, because, as I have said, astronomers have repeatedly seen them disappear. And, doubtless, like our own clouds, they are often dissipated by the sun's heat. But we may take it for granted that, like our terrestrial clouds, they are also often dissipated by falling in rain. Thus the Martial lands are nourished by refreshing rainfalls; and who can doubt that they are

thus nourished for the same purpose as our own fields and forests—namely, that vegetation of all sorts may grow abundantly?

But yet, again, the transit of clouds from place to place implies the existence of aerial currents. Clouds cannot, indeed, ever form and be dissipated without occasioning wind-currents; and it need hardly be said that the Martial clouds could not be carried to his polar regions, there to fall in snow, unless the atmospheric currents on Mars were extensive and persistent. We see, then, that Mars has winds as our earth has. Doubtless, his trade-winds are less marked than ours, because his surface rotates less rapidly than the earth's, his globe being much smaller, while his rotation-period is slightly greater. But he has less need for trade-winds, his oceans being so much less extensive than ours. No Columbus on Mars has ever needed the persistent breath of easterly winds to encourage him on his voyage to an undiscovered continent. Rather, the intricate navigation of the narrow Martial seas would be favored by variable breezes. But the great purposes which the circulation of our own atmosphere subserves are carried out efficiently yonder on Mars. The air is cleansed and purified, its thermal and electrical conditions are regulated, clouds are wafted from place to place, and, in fine, the atmosphere is rendered fit for all those purposes for which, like our own, it has doubtless been created.

We may trace yet further, however, the results which flow from the existence of aqueous vapor in the atmosphere of Mars. We see the polar snows aggregating in the Martial winter and diminishing in the Martial summer. And we know that, on our own earth, the increase and the diminution of the polar snows are processes intimately associated with the formation and maintenance of the oceanic circulation. Doubtless, much yet remains to be done before that system of circulation will be fully understood. The rival views which have been maintained by Sir John Herschel and Captain Maury have served to throw a certain air of doubt over the theory of ocean-currents. But, whether we ascribe the equatorial currents of our oceans to the trade-winds with Herschel, or to differences of specific gravity with Maury, we see that, in the first place, both causes operate in the case of Mars, and, secondly, that the submarine return-currents from our polar regions must, at any rate, be due to the presence of ice in the polar seas. So that undoubtedly the Martial oceans, so far as their peculiar conformation will permit, are traversed by currents in various directions and at various depths.

Then, lastly, there must be rivers on Mars. The clouds which often hide from our view the larger part of a Martial continent indicate a rainfall at least as considerable (in proportion) as that which we have on the earth. The water thus precipitated on the Martial continents can find its way no otherwise to the ocean than along river-courses.

As to the nature of these rivers, again, we may form conjectures founded on trustworthy analogies. The mere existence of continents and oceans on Mars proves the action of forces of upheaval and of depression. There must be volcanic eruptions and earthquakes, modelling and remodelling the crust of Mars. Thus there must be mountains and hills, valleys and ravines, water-sheds and water-courses. All the various kinds of scenery which make our earth so beautiful have their representatives in the ruddy planet. The river courses to the ocean, by cataract and lake, here urging its way impetuously over rocks and boulders, there gliding with stately flow along its more level reaches. The rivulet speeds to the river, the brook to the rivulet, and from the mountain-recesses burst forth the refreshing springs which are to feed the Martial brooklets.

Who can doubt what the lesson is that all these things are meant to teach us? So far, set it be remembered, we have been guided onward by no speculative fancies, but simply by sober reasoning. But can we pause just here? Shall we recognize in Mars all that makes our own world so well fitted to our wants—land and water, mountain and valley, cloud and sunshine, rain and ice and snow, rivers and lakes, ocean-currents and wind-currents—without believing, further, in the existence of those forms of life without which all these things would be wasted? Surely, if it is rashly speculative to say of this charming planet that it is the abode of life—if we must, indeed, limit ourselves to the consideration of what has been absolutely seen—it is yet to speculate ten thousand times more rashly to assert, in the face of so many probable arguments to the contrary, that Mars is a barren waste, either wholly untenanted by living creatures, or inhabited by beings belonging to the lowest orders of animated existence.

THE "DANGEROUS CLASSES" OF NEW YORK, AND EFFORTS TO IMPROVE THEM.

XI.

FREE READING-ROOMS.

AT first sight, it would seem very obvious that a place of mental improvement and social resort, with agreeable surroundings, offered gratuitously to the laboring-people, would be frequented eagerly. On its face, the "Free Reading-room" appears a most natural, feasible method of applying the great lever of sociality (without temptations) to lifting up the poorer classes. The working-man and the street-boy get here what they so much desire, a pleasant place, warmed and lighted, for meeting their companions, for talking, playing innocent games, or reading the papers; they get it, too, for nothing. When we remember how these people live, in what crowded and slaternly rooms, or damp cellars, or close attics, some even having no home at all, and that their only social resort is the grog-shop, we might suppose that they would jump at the chance of a pleasant and free saloon and reading-room. But this is by no means the case. This instrument of improvement requires peculiar management to be successful. Our own experience is instructive.

The writer of this had had the reading-room "on the brain" for many years, when, at length, on talking over the subject with a gentleman in the eastern part of the city—one whose name has since been a tower of strength to this whole movement—he consented to father the enterprise and be the treasurer, an office in young charities, be it remembered, no sinecure.

We opened, accordingly, near the Novelty Iron-Works, under the best auspices,

THE ELEVENTH WARD FREE READING-ROOM.

The rooms were spacious and pleasant, furnished with a plenty of papers and pamphlets, and, to add to the attractions and help pay expenses, the superintendent was to sell coffee and simple refreshments. Our theory was, that coffee would compete with liquor as a stimulus, and that the profits of the sales would pay most of the running cost. We were right among a crowded working-population, and every thing promised success.

At first there were considerable numbers of laboring-men present every day and evening; but, to our dismay, they began to fall off. We tried another superintendent; still the working-man preferred his "dreary rooms," or the ruinous liquor-shops, to our pleasant reading-room. The coffee did not suit him; the refreshments were not to his taste; he would not read, because he thought he ought to call for something to eat or drink if he did; and so at length he dropped off. Finally the attendance became so thin, and the expenses were accumulating to such a degree, that we closed the room, and our magnanimous treasurer footed the bills. This failure discouraged us for some years, but the idea seemed to me sound, and I was resolved to try it once more under better circumstances.

In looking about for some specially-adapted instrument for influencing "the dangerous classes," I chanced, just after the remarkable religious "revival" of 1858, on a singular character.

This was a reformed or converted prize-fighter named Orville (and nicknamed "Awful") Gardner. He was a broad-shouldered, burly individual, with a tremendous neck, and an arm as thick as a moderate-sized man's leg.

His career had been notorious and infamous in the extreme, he having been one of the roughs employed by politicians, and engaged in rows and fights without number, figuring several times in the prize-ring, and once having bitten off a man's nose!

Yet the man must have been less brutal than his life would show. He was a person evidently of volcanic emotions and great capacity of affection. I was curious about his case, and watched it closely for some years, as showing what is so often disputed in modern times—the reforming power of Christianity on the most abandoned characters.

The point through which his brutalized nature had been touched had been evidently his affection for an only child—a little boy. He described to me once, in very simple, touching language, his affection and love for this child; how he dressed him in the best, and did all he could for him, but always keeping him away from all knowledge

of his own dissipation. One day he was off on some devilish errand among the immigrants on Staten Island, when he saw a boat approaching quickly with one of his "pals." The man rowed up near him, and stopped and looked at him "very queer," and didn't say any thing.

"What the devil are you looking at me in that way for?" said Gardner.

"Your boy's drowned!" replied the other.

Gardner says he fell back in the boat, as if you'd hit him right straight from the shoulder behind the ear, and did not know any thing for a long time. When he recovered, he kept himself drunk for three weeks, and smashed a number of policemen, and was "put up," just so as to forget the bright little fellow who had been the pride of his heart.

This great loss, however, must have opened his nature to other influences. When the deep religious sympathy pervaded the community there came over him suddenly one of those revelations which, in some form or other, visit most human beings at least once in their lives. They are almost too deep and intricate to be described in these columns. The human soul sees itself, for the first time, as reflected in the mirror of divine purity. It has for the moment a conception of what CHRIST is, and what Love means. Singularly enough the thought and sentiment which took possession of this ruffian and debauchee and prize-fighter, and made him as one just cured of leprosy, was the Platonic conception of Love, and that embodied in the ideal form of Christianity. Under it he became as a little child; he abandoned his vices, gave up his associates, and resolved to consecrate his life to humanity and the service of Him to whom he owed so much.

The spirit, when I first met him, with which he used to encounter his old companions must have been something like that of the early Christian converts.

Thus, an old boon companion meets him in the street: "Why, Orful, what the h—ll's this about your bein' converted?"

And the other turns to him with such pent-up feeling bursting forth, telling him of the new things that have come to him, that the "rough" is quite melted, and begins a better course of life.

Again he is going down a narrow street, when he suddenly sees coming up a bitter enemy. His old fire flames up, but he quenches it, walks to the other, and, with the tears streaming down his cheeks, he takes him by the hand and tells him the old story which is always new, and the two ruffians forget their feuds and are friends.

Could the old Greek philosopher have seen this imbruted athlete, so mysteriously and suddenly fired with the ideal of Love till his past crimes seemed melted in the heat of this great sentiment, and his rough nature appeared transformed, he would have rejoiced in beholding at length the living embodiment of an ideal theory for so many ages held but as the dream of a poetic philosopher.

Gardner was only a modern and striking instance of the natural and eternal power of Christianity.

We resolved to put him where he could reach the classes from which he had come. With considerable exertion the necessary sums were raised to open a "Coffee and Reading-room" in the worst district of the city—the Fourth Ward. Great numbers of papers and publications were furnished gratuitously by that body who have always been so generous to this enterprise—the conductors of the press of the city.

A bar for coffee and cheap refreshments was established, and Gardner was put at the head of the whole as superintendent.

The opening is thus described in our journal:

"We must confess, as one of the managers of that institution, we felt particularly nervous about that opening meeting.

"Messrs. Beecher and Cochrane and other eminent speakers had been invited to speak, and the mayor was to preside. It was certainly an act of some self-denial to leave their country-seats or cool rooms, and spend a hot summer evening in talking to Fourth-Ward rowdies. To requite this with any sort of 'accident' would have been very awkward. Where would we of the committee have hid our heads if our friends the 'roughs' had thought best to have a little bit of a shindy, and had knocked Brother Beecher's hat in, and had tossed the Hon. John Cochrane out of the window, or rolled the mayor down-stairs? We confess all such possible eventualities did present themselves, and we imagined the sturdy form of our eminent clerical friend breasting the opposing waves of rowdies, and showing himself as skilful in demolishing corporeal enemies as he is in overthrowing spiritual. We were comforted in spirit, however, by remembering that the saint at the

head of our establishment—the renowned Gardner—would now easily take a place in the church militant, and perhaps not object to a new exercise of muscle in a good cause.

"After other addresses, Gardner—'Awful Gardner'—was called for. He came forward—and a great trial it must have been to have faced that crowd, where there were hundreds who had once been with him in all kinds of debaucheries and deviltries—men who had drunk and fought and gambled and acted the rowdy with him—men very quick to detect any trace of vanity or cant in him. He spoke very simply and humbly; said that he had more solid peace and comfort in one month now than he had in years once; spoke of his 'black life,' his sins and disgrace, and then of his most cordial desire to welcome all his old companions there. In the midst of these remarks there seemed to come up before him suddenly a memory of Him who had saved him, his eyes filled with tears, and, with a manly and deep feeling that swept right through the wild audience, he made his acknowledgment to 'Him who sticketh closer than a brother—even the Lord Jesus Christ.'

"No sermon could have been half so effective as these stammering, ungrammatical, but manly remarks."

Our reading-room under this guidance became soon a very popular resort; in fact, it deserved the nickname one gentleman gave it, "The Drunkards' Club." The marked, simple, and genuine reform in a man of such habits as this pugilist, attracted numbers of that large class of young men who are always trying to break from the tyranny of evil habits and vices. The rooms used to be thronged with reformed or reforming young men. The great difficulty with a man under vices is to make him believe that change for him is possible. The sight of Gardner always demonstrated this possibility. Those men who are sunk in such courses cannot get rid of them gradually, and nothing can arouse them and break the iron rule of habits but the most tremendous truths.

"Awful Gardner" had but one theory of reform—absolute and immediate change, in view of the love of Christ, and a deserved and certain damnation.

The men to whom he spoke needed no soft words; they knew they were "in hell" now; some of them could sometimes for a moment realize what such a character as Christ was, and bow before it in unspeakable humility. No one whom I have ever seen could so influence the "roughs" of this city. He ought to have been kept as a missionary to the rowdies.

I extract from our journal:

"The moral success of the room has been all that we could have desired. Hundreds of young men have come there continually to read or chat with their friends—many of them even who had habitually frequented the liquor-saloons, and many persons with literally no homes. The place, too, has become a kind of central point for all those who have become more or less addicted to excessive drinking, and who are desirous of escaping from the habit.

"There are days when the spectacle presented there is a most affecting one; the room filled with young men, each of whom has a history of sorrow or degradation—broken-down gentlemen, ruined merchants, penniless clerks, homeless laboring-men and printers (for somehow this most intelligent profession seems to contain a large number of cases who have been ruined by drunkenness), and outcast men of no assignable occupation. These have been attracted in part by the cheerfulness of the room and to chances for reading, and in part by Gardner's influence, who has labored indefatigably in behalf of these poor wretches. Under the influences of the room, incredible as it may seem, over seven hundred of these men have been started in sober courses and provided with honest employments, and many of them have become hopefully religious. It is believed that the whole quarter has been improved by the opening of this agreeable and temperate place of resort."

But, alas! even with a man so truly repentant and reformed, Nature does not let him off so easily. He had to bear in his body the fruits of his vices. His nervous system began to give way under the fearful strain both of his sins and his reform. He found it necessary to leave this post of work and retire to a quiet place in New Jersey, where he has since passed a calm and virtuous life, working I suppose at his trade, and, so far as I know, he has never been false to the great truths which once inspired him. With his departure, however, we thought it best to close the reading-room, especially as we could not realize our hope of making it self-supporting. So ended the second of our experiments at "virtuous amusements."

I now resolved to try the experiment without any expectation of sustaining the room with sales of refreshments. The working-classes

seem to be utterly indifferent to such attractions. They probably cannot compete a moment with those of the liquor-shops. With the aid of friends, who are always ready in this city to liberally support rational experiments of philanthropy, we have since then opened various free reading-rooms in different quarters of the city.

The most successful was carried on by Mr. Macy at Cottage Place for his "lamps."

Here sufficient books and papers were supplied by friends, little temperance and other societies were formed, the room was pleasant and cosy, and, above all, Mr. Macy presided or infused into it his spirit. The "lamps" were occasionally obstreperous and given to smashing windows, but to this Mr. M. was sufficiently accustomed, and in time the wild young barbarians began to feel the influences thrown around the place, until now one may see of a winter evening eighty or a hundred lads and young men quietly reading, or playing backgammon or checkers.

The room answers exactly its object as a place of innocent amusement and improvement, competing with the liquor-saloons. The manufacturers of the neighborhood have testified to its excellent moral influences on the young men.

A similar room was opened in the First Ward by the kind aid of the late Mr. J. Cowper Lord, and the good influences of the place have been much increased by the exertions of Mr. D. E. Hawley and a committee of gentlemen.

There are other reading-rooms connected with the Boys' Lodging-houses. Most of them are doing an invaluable work; the First-Ward room especially being a centre for cricket-clubs and various social reunions of the laboring-classes, and undoubtedly saving great numbers of young men from the most dangerous temptations. Mr. Hawley has inaugurated here also a very useful course of popular lectures to the laboring-people.

The reading-rooms connected with Boys' Lodging-houses, though sometimes doing well, are not uniformly successful, perhaps from the fact that working-men do not like to be associated with homeless boys.

Besides those connected with the Children's Aid Society, the City Mission and various churches have founded others, so that now the free reading-room is recognized, as one of the means for improving the "dangerous classes," as much as the Sunday-school, chapel, or mission.

C. L. BRACE.

SILK-CULTURE.

II.

THE AILANTUS-FEEDER.

UNTIL within a few years, the silk-producers of Europe have been almost entirely dependent on the mulberry-worm; but now a new and friendly rival has appeared, which bids fair to take a very prominent part in European sericulture, and must naturally, from its wonderfully hardy proclivities, be largely introduced and successfully cultivated in the United States.

For the past ten years the diseases among the silk-worms in France and Italy have occasioned a wide and earnest discussion on the subject of introducing other species of worms to take their place. The epidemic known as "*la gattine*" spread with such rapidity that the French Government took the matter into serious consideration, and appointed a scientific commission, with instructions for a thorough inquiry upon the following points: 1. The modes of introducing new races of the *Bombyx mori* for the purpose of improving the degenerated stock. 2. Of the best methods for arresting the spread of the epidemic. 3. Of the practicability of substituting other worms for the mulberry-feeder.

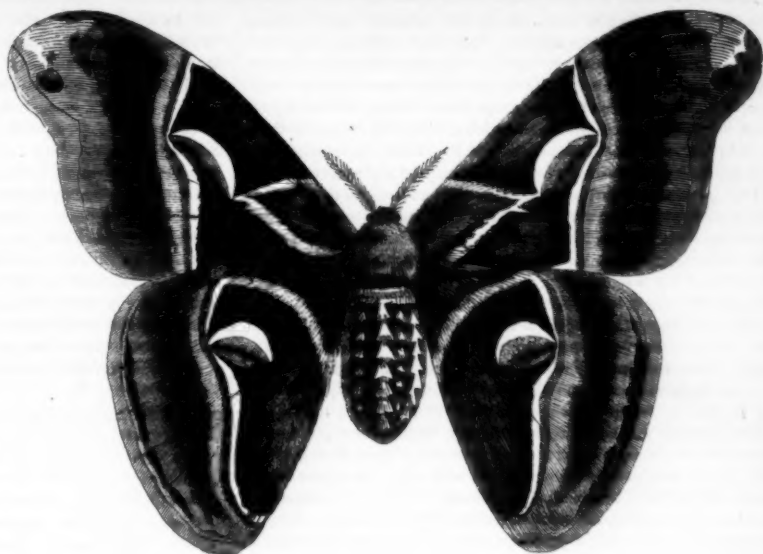
In pursuance of these instructions, a searching investigation was entered upon. With a view to discover substitutes for the mulberry-feeder, every known variety of silk-producing insects was experimented with. Many were discarded, as of no practical value, but, among those of exceptional promise, the *Bombyx cynthia* and the *Bombyx yama-mai* were selected, the former feeding on the ailantus-tree, and the latter on the oak. Both species were found perfectly hardy, and possessed the advantage of being readily cultivated in the open air.

The *Bombyx cynthia*, which feeds on the *Ailantus glandulosa*, was

introduced into Europe, in 1856, through a Piedmontese missionary, the Abbé Fantoni, who obtained the worms from the province of Shan-Tung, in the north of China, latitude 35-40°, and sent them to France. The cocoons were received in November, and hatched out in the following spring. The name of the tree upon which the worms had been accustomed to feed had not been mentioned by the abbé, but it was described as being like an acacia. When the worms appeared, various kinds of food were offered them, among which were some leaves of the *Ailantus*, which they at once seized upon and ate very greedily. This was supposed at once to be their proper food, which afterward proved correct.

Regarding the *Ailantus glandulosa*, it may be mentioned here that this tree, which is destined to hold such a high place in sericulture, was introduced into Europe, nearly one hundred and fifteen years ago, through a French missionary in China, the Abbé Incarville, who sent some seeds to the Royal Society of London. It soon became acclimatized and naturalized as a shade-tree. It has since been introduced into the United States, Canada, and Australia, where it has been, on account of the peculiar odor it emits when in blossom, rather an object of aversion than of real benefit, although well suited in some particulars for an ornamental tree. It is very hardy, standing the severest winters and longest droughts without injury. It will grow well in any climate, and thrive in almost any soil. It is one of the easiest to propagate and grow. It throws up suckers from the roots, like the sumac, and is easily propagated in this way, as well as by seed. It is so tenacious of life that, it is said by French writers, if the roots of the tree be cut up, like a potato, they will germinate, throw up shoots, and become strong and vigorous. It will attain the age of one hundred years, and its qualities are so peculiar as to make it free from the attacks of insects. It will hold its verdure during the most prolonged drought better than any other shade-tree known.

From its appearance, when first introduced, it was taken to be the *Rhus verniz*, from which it derived its name, *verniz du Japon*, or Japan varnish-tree, from the belief that it was really the tree which produced the well-known Japan varnish. This was the opinion of Linnæus at the time; but, when the real Japan tree was afterward discovered, the name of the "false varnish-tree" was given to the *Ailantus*, which it still retains in some places. French and English writers speak of the tree as one of the best known for its wonderfully hardy proclivities, growing on the sandy dunes of Holland and on the *landes* of France, and in the *steppes* of Russia.



THE AILANTUS (*Bombyx Cynthia*) BUTTERFLY—LIFE SIZE.



AILANTUS SILK-WORM AND COCOON.

The *cynthia*-worm produces two crops per annum, but, in California, would easily produce three, where the season is longer and the foliage more plentiful in the autumn. Like that of the mulberry-worm, its existence is divided into five stages, the worm, in each stage, having a different color and shape. At first it is of a yellow color, with black tubercles, and black spots down the belly. In the third stage it becomes quite white, while upon its body is found a waxy secretion, like flour, which serves as a protection from wet and rain.

During the fourth stage it is from one to two inches in length, turning gradually green, with tubercles of a like color, while the head and feet change to a golden yellow. At the fifth and last stage it grows rapidly and eats voraciously, its body being of an intense emerald-green, with the tubercles of a marine blue. During its last days it ceases to eat, and becomes of a yellowish green; it is then over three inches in length, and commences to form its cocoon, by securing it to the twig, or main stem of the leaf, that it may be secure from falling.

The eggs of the cynthia are nearly twice as large as those of the mulberry-worm, being equally large at both ends, of a white color, but marked with black, caused by the germ inside the egg. When near hatching, they appear to flatten a little, appearing of a gray color, caused by the formation of the worm. In twelve to fourteen days after the egg is laid the caterpillar appears.

The worm should be placed on leaves of the growing ailantus-tree, and covered with muslin bags, to protect them from the ants and wasps. Once secured to the tree, and protected, in the earlier ages, by these bags, and, after the third age, by nets, to keep off birds, they require no further attention. They are indifferent to changes or conditions of weather. Their feet being membraneous, they cling to the leaves with peculiar strength, thus securing them from gusts of wind; while, their bodies being covered with a fine down, the rain is turned off, as from the leaf of a cabbage. Before the process of moulting, during which they remain inactive, they cover the under part of the leaf on which they feed with a gummy substance, composed of silky threads, which fixes them so firmly that they crawl out of the old skin, leaving it adhering to the leaf, while they pass into their new age, and commence eating again.

The trees should be planted in rows from two to three feet apart, so as to afford a dense foliage to the young worms, and also to enable them to travel from one tree to another without trouble. They will take care of themselves in this respect, but care must be used in the preparation of the ground, which should be kept free from weeds and insects.

A tree will produce about one hundred good cocoons when planted in good soil. Dr. Wallace, of Colchester, England, planted, in 1865, about three thousand trees on the railway-bank, being two-year-old seedlings from France, from which he obtained a crop of between five and six thousand cocoons from the first crop, besides feeding them a second time with a second brood. The trees were planted at a distance of two feet from tree to tree, in rows, some two, three, and four feet apart. The writer had the pleasure of visiting the farm of Dr. Wallace in August last, where he saw thousands of the cynthia feeding in the open air, and thriving well. The same month he visited the beautiful country-seat of Lady Dorothy Neville, at Dangstein, some fifty miles from London, where were planted a large number of ailantus-trees, all covered with a strong net-work, to keep off the birds. There were thousands of this beautiful species of silk-worm, from one to three inches long, of an intense emerald-green color, and the tubercles tipped with a gorgeous marine blue; some eating, some dormant, others spinning like weavers, while many had made their cocoons. Lady Neville has done much for the cause of sericulture in England.

The cocoons of the ailantus-worm are elongated, of a pale-gray color, very close tissue, one and a half to one and three-quarters inches long, and about three-quarters broad, varying in size and weight. The demand for the silk of this worm is on the increase. It is very serviceable and durable, and the cocoons are reeled off in one continuous thread. Every thing is in its favor, for its qualities have been appreciated by the most noted manufacturers at Lyons, Roubaix, and Nîmes, and others who know its worth. A peculiar fact is connected with this cocoon. It is not formed like others; the worm, in spinning, makes a zigzag course, causing the cocoon to appear open at the ends; hence there is difficulty in the attempts to reel it. The success of the cultivation of this species was therefore dependent on the proper reeling of the cocoon in a continuous thread, and this has been rendered practicable by an invention of two French inventors, on whom the Imperial Society of Acclimation, Paris, has bestowed medals. The cynthia cocoon yields *flosselle*, or floss-silk. It is manufactured in France, under the name of *galette*, or *fantaisie*. There is an immense consumption of the article, as it is largely used in manufacturing fancy stuffs by mixing it with thread and wool. It is stated that the demand is such for the manufacture in France that twelve hundred thousand kilogrammes are yearly imported.

The strength of the silk produced from the cynthia is surprising. The well-known durability of the celebrated Indian *foulards* is attrib-

uted to the fact that they are composed entirely of ailantus silk. "The silk produced from the ailantus," says a French writer, "lasts double that of the mulberry; it does not spot so easily, and it washes like linen." The introduction of the cynthia-worm into America will utilize a tree now extensively grown with us, but which hitherto has served no purpose but of shade and ornament, and it will open up a vast industry which may be pursued in the country, in villages, or in cities. Every man may convert his garden into a rearing-yard for silk-worms, and the unemployed members of his family may find an agreeable and profitable occupation. Every woman can earn an extra silk dress. Every family can have at hand an easy and practicable source of profit. The cultivation of this worm has hitherto been retarded for want of a market for the cocoons. But a silk-factory in Paterson, New Jersey, is now purchasing all the cocoons of the cynthia it can obtain. Other establishments of the same nature will soon spring up, and the industry receive an incentive likely to result in important social and industrial consequences.

J. Q. A. WARREN.

SONNET.

I SEE thee, maiden, though we have not met;
I hear thy murmurous voice, though, far apart,
Thou lean'st upon thy bridegroom's noble heart;
Those downcast eyelids thrilled, and softly wet
By tears perchance of virginal, shy regret,
But with heart-fervors quivering brightly through,
Heart's trust, as 'twere a wild-rose dipped in dew,
Calmly above thy brave young forehead set:
Ay, yield thine all, hope, faith, and life to him,
For warmer, worthier soul than his, O sweet!
Emerg'd not ever from grief's twilight grim,
Shows of vain toil and triumphs incomplete
(An ancient loss, a passionate want made dim),
To cast love's largess at the loved one's feet.

HANGING AS ONE OF THE FINE ARTS.

STRANGE as it may appear, more men hang themselves than are hanged by earthly justice. In former years there was no town of modest importance to be found on the Continent of Europe that did not boast of its ghastly three pillars, connected with iron rods, from which dangled in horrid liveliness the bodies of culprits. Even the owners of ancient castles and more modern manors claimed the right of high jurisdiction, and pointed with pride at the clanking chains in which they might, if so minded, hang the next murderer found on their domain. But the axe and the sword—of which the guillotine is but a modified form—have superseded the familiar gallows, and maudlin pity for atrocious criminals has devised new means of ending their lives. The knout and the frosts of Siberia kill more slowly, but not less surely, than the hangman's rope; Sweden sends her condemned criminals to the prison-cell to be fed upon bread and water, but without salt, and three weeks of the fearful *rigime* suffice to end their lives; while Spanish executioners break the prisoner's neck by the twisting of an iron screw, and kill them, it is claimed, instantaneously. Thus it is in England and North America alone that the rope is still called in to inflict capital punishment, and disgraceful enough it is for two nations, boasting justly of leading all others on earth in civilization and culture, that the art of hanging is so little understood in these countries.

The very fact, however, that hanging has gone out of fashion abroad, as far as public executions are concerned, and the shocking scenes enacted by official hangmen among us, seem to have made this mode of ending life a favorite method with suicides. From the great Prince de Condé, the last scion of a matchless race, to the humble cobbler on the brink of starvation, men weary of life, or driven to despair by their sins, resort to the rope to end their miserable days. Hence the marvellous variety in the manner of accomplishing the desired end, and the well-established fact, acknowledged by the highest medical and juridical authorities, that hanging may safely be considered as one of the fine arts of our day. The importance of studying the subject has largely increased of late, since numerous instances

have become known in which foul murder was concealed by hanging up the body of the victim, in order to give it the appearance of suicide. And yet nothing is apparently more difficult than to distinguish between the two crimes. No absolutely certain sign has yet been discovered by which suicide can be said to differ from murder. As far as external evidence is concerned, it has been proved utterly unreliable. For here every thing is possible. If there are persons who simply carry out their purpose by the means nearest at hand, and hang themselves on their beds, the window, or a grating, in their room with a cravat, or in the barn with a hay-rope, others go to work most systematically, and surround themselves with difficulties, which they seem to delight in overcoming. Some leave every thing in disorder around them; others arrange every little trifle in the house and the room, and even carefully fold up the clothes which they lay aside before dying. At times they tie their own hands before or behind their back, sometimes they bandage their eyes, and even cut their long hair. The majority make a simple, loose knot; others dispose of the rope quite artistically; a poor woman, who had lost her right hand, spent over an hour in accomplishing her end with her awkward left hand; and a paralyzed man drew the cord around his neck with his big toe! Some, again, hang themselves sky-high, and literally jump into eternity; while others select positions in which it requires their utmost efforts to produce strangulation. Not long ago a poor French boy of sixteen was found hanging, his handkerchief simply tied under his chin, and his feet half-buried in a heap of wheat, while an unfortunate girl hanged herself from the top of her bed-curtains, kneeling on the bed itself! A *lorette* of Paris used a gorgeous gold-and-green silk cord before a superb pier-glass, and a poor English dairy-maid took her pet cow's neck-ribbon and hanged herself in the stall of her favorite.

The sensations of men who die by hanging are perfectly well known, and as familiar to the expert physician as the symptoms preceding and accompanying the final result. So many wretches have been recalled to life, after having proved their utter ignorance of the art of hanging, and men of science, like the famous Fleischmann of Erlangen, have experimented upon themselves so carefully, in order to become themselves conscious of all the sensations up to a certain point, that nothing is left in the dark any longer. At the moment when the body falls by its own weight, an intense heat is felt in the head, the ear hears loud noises, the eyes see vivid flashes of light, the legs seem to acquire an enormous weight, and then all sensation is generally at an end. In these cases syncope has taken place immediately. The vulgar error that in the first moments of hanging a voluptuous sensation is felt, has been completely refuted. Of the several hundred persons who have been cut down in time and restored to life, not one has deposed to more than a mere feeling of vague languor, such as almost always precedes the loss of consciousness.

Then begins the second act in the sad drama—convulsions, spasmodic contractions of the face, the sinking of the pupil, and violent contortions of the eyeball, which produce a horrible expression. It is for the purpose of hiding this hideous spectacle that, in countries where barbarous hanging still prevails, a black cap is drawn over the face of the criminal. The convulsive movements extend gradually to the whole body, and finally reach the feet, so that many a prisoner, trying to hang himself in his cell, has betrayed his crime by the violent kicking of his feet against the door. Generally death follows soon, although the precise interval depends very much upon the place of hanging, and especially the position of the rope around the neck.

Animals, upon whom experiments have been made for the purpose, die in twelve to twenty minutes, but there is every reason to believe that in man death ensues much more promptly. In rare cases only has it been possible to ascertain the time with exactness. In a French prison, for example, a criminal was led to a certain cell at the striking of the hour; when the keeper returned to him, ten minutes later, he found him hanging from the window-grating and dead. A woman, on the contrary, was seen from the street to fasten a rope to her window-blind; a ladder had to be brought up, but, exactly seven minutes after she had been seen hanging herself, she was cut down and restored to life. She declared that she had suffered no pain whatever, having lost her consciousness instantaneously. Professor Taylor, probably the highest authority in England on points of medical jurisprudence, declares his conviction that resurrection is generally possible after five minutes' hanging. Our own countryman, Scott, it is well known, nearly became a victim of this opinion. He was in the habit of hanging himself in public, and once, being prevented by an

accident from releasing himself, the spectators fancied he was prolonging his experiment for their amusement. But they let him hang for thirteen minutes, and it was only after more than half an hour, when he had been carried to a hospital, that he received the necessary assistance. Another man, called Hornshaw, who pursued the same dangerous profession, and had been three times recalled to life after having lost all consciousness and power of thinking, finally fell a victim to a similar accident. Nor are these experiments only of recent date; everybody will recall Bacon's account, in his history of "Life and Death," of his friend who wished to ascertain if condemned criminals suffered much, and hanged himself, placing a chair near him, on which he expected to stand after having satisfied his curiosity. The art of hanging was then in its infancy. The poor gentleman lost his consciousness, and would have perished, a victim of his benevolence, but for the opportune arrival of a friend who restored him to life.

Since then the art has become a strange favorite with men of all countries. France alone, however, could probably produce a monster who preferred to murder his victims by hanging them artistically! It seems that, in the city of Rouen, a rag-picker called Thibert was seen in a crowd of people, who filled the court-house, addressing an old man of eighty-one years, whom he asked if he did not wish to be cured of his infirmities. The old man, who suffered from swollen legs, eagerly seized the promise to heal him, and was directed by Thibert to provide himself with a new nail and a long rope not thicker than his little finger. Thibert promised that, after a week's fasting and praying, he would come to his house and relieve him of his sufferings. The old man became suspicious, and caused Thibert to be arrested when he presented himself on the appointed day. The police then examined his past life, and traced his connection with a number of aged men. Every one of them had been found hanged by means of a new nail and a slender rope, although they had often expressed their horror of suicide. He was finally convicted of having murdered them in this atrocious way, and died on the scaffold, still glorying in his popular surname of the "Rope Physician."

It must not be forgotten, finally, that hanging may be neither the effect of murder nor of suicide, but the result of simple accident. Cases have already been mentioned where unfortunate men have recklessly played with death till the so-called farce was turned into terrible tragedy. But almost sadder still are the numerous cases in which children have "played at hanging," and become the victims of their dangerous sport. Not unfrequently such deaths result from mere accident; but occasionally the line cannot be drawn so exactly. Thus there is a case on record of a boy of fourteen, who, after witnessing an execution at Nottingham, was heard to say that he would like to know how a hanged man felt. The same day he was found dead, hanging by a rope from a tree. It can hardly be doubted that the poor boy had no idea of self-destruction, and perished accidentally in the effort to try at once the theory and the practice of hanging. Still more remarkable cases are known, where persons have pretended to hang themselves at a moment when they had every reason to expect that help was on hand, and paid with their lives for their dangerous deception. A younger brother of the most illustrious man of letters in France, a pupil at the Napoleon Lyceum, hanged himself thus in the school-prison, to which he had been sent for some disgraceful act, at the precise moment when the servant was bringing him his dinner. Unfortunately the latter was an ignorant, superstitious man, who dared not touch the poor youth, although he saw him turning and twisting himself in his agony, but ran down the long passage to call the master. Alas! when help came, it was too late, and the terrible catastrophe made an indelible impression upon the mind of the great poet.

SCHELE DE VREE.

GUARDING THE ROSE.

AT a certain spot in a meadow at Tsar-skoe-Solo, seventeen miles south of St. Petersburg, a sentinel paces to and fro, day and night, without any apparent purpose, himself knowing only that he was posted there to relieve the one who preceded him. For generations, this singular vigil has been a mystery; but recent investigations show that the Empress Catharine II., more than a century ago, discovered there a peculiar rose, and appointed a sentry to guard it. The flower shed its petals before the short summer was over; the rose-

tree itself grew old and perished, and its root withered in the earth; the soldier whose days were wasted in obedience to the imperial whim completed his term of service, and gave up the post to a successor; the empress was laid in the sepulchre with her royal ancestors; but still the established beat is paced, and the ghost of the flower is sacredly guarded.

Not more foolish is all this than the hundred similar performances we may witness around us. On the walls of how many houses hang carefully-constructed family trees, marking the exact relations and recording the duration of innumerable branches of some ancient stock—cheery and beautiful in their day, perhaps; brave and skilful, it may be; but of no more account than the fallen autumn leaves; or, if worthy of remembrance, only serving to shame the insignificant descendant whose time is spent in tracing their lines and verifying their dates!

In the same room you may find shelves loaded with volumes that have had their day and are practically dead, that everybody praises and nobody reads, that publishers keep in print and customers buy, because "no library is complete without them," that children are always taught to reverence, but never tempted to open, that collectors guard with care and call their treasures, while the moth and the worm really hold the fee-simple and revel in their dust—authors who once marked important boundaries in the world of letters, but whom the changeful sea of thought has left high and dry on deserted shores. Most of them, if they could speak to-day, would doubtless prefer that those uniformed sentinels protecting the shadow of their fame on the library-shelves should be relieved by the vanguard of the coming age.

Who does not cherish his withered rose? The poor lunatic rocking her imaginary infant, and hushing to slumber a voice that long ago was hushed forever, seems hardly more pitiable at times than the faded but garrulous beauty who prides herself in repeating the story of her early accomplishments and graces of person, and her conquests in the flowery fields of love. The luckless archer who persistently reiterated that his grandsire drew a good long-bow at Hastings excites a smile which might be repeated with a tinge of sadness when the skillless hand points tremblingly to its own achievements in a by-gone time. To fall short of the measure of one's ancestors is mournful; but to settle back from the stature of one's own prime is sadder and more pathetic. The statue of the hero in the market-place arrests the attention of an occasional visitor; while the huckster who vends his wares beneath its shadow is surrounded by a continual throng. The world does not deny its obligation to yesterday's martyrs; but it realizes more keenly its need of to-morrow's meals. That is always a comforting thought, in whatever form repeated, that the past is absolutely secure; but, though it is beyond change or disturbance, though no power, mortal or immortal, can make it not have been, neither can any finite power make it again to be. Mightier is the puniest hand that brings a violet from the sod than the strongest arm that guards the dust where once a rose-tree flourished.

ROSSITER JOHNSON.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE WAR OF 1870, FROM ITS OUTBREAK TO THE SURRENDER OF METZ.

- JULY 4.—The French *chargé d'affaires* at Berlin notifies the Prussian Government of the bad effect produced in France by the candidature of Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern for the throne of Spain.
- JULY 6.—The Duc de Gramont, French Minister of Foreign Affairs, makes a significant declaration on the same subject in the Corps Législatif.
- JULY 12.—Prince Leopold renounces the candidature.
- JULY 13.—Count Benedetti, the French ambassador, demands from King William, at Ems, assurances against a renewal of the candidature, which the king peremptorily refuses.
- JULY 15.—The French Prime Minister, Ollivier, announces in the Corps Législatif the determination of the Imperial Government to go to war. The announcement is received with enthusiasm. King William returns to Berlin.
- JULY 19.—The French declaration of war formally delivered to Count Bismarck at Berlin.
- JULY 20.—Bavaria declares her readiness to do her duty as ally of Prussia.
- JULY 29.—The Emperor Napoleon takes, in person, the chief command of the French armies, for the invasion of Germany.
- AUG. 2.—Arrival of King William at the German headquarters at Metz. A French force crosses the frontier and occupies Saarbrück, driving out the Prussian advanced posts. Napoleon and his son Louis witness the operation.
- AUG. 4.—The command of General Douay, of McMahon's army-corps, routed at Weissenburg by an overwhelming Prussian force under the Crown Prince (third army). Weissenburg stormed, Douay slain.
- AUG. 6.—Marshal McMahon routed at Wörth by the Crown Prince, with a loss of six thousand prisoners. General Frossard defeated at Saarbrück and Forbach by divisions of the Prussian armies (first and second) commanded by General Steinmetz and Prince Frederick Charles. The whole French line begins a precipitate retreat.
- AUG. 9.—Strasbourg invested and summoned to surrender. Marshal Bazaine assumes the command of the main French armies. Fall of the Ollivier ministry. Count Palikao intrusted with the formation of a new cabinet.
- AUG. 14.—Bazaine begins his retreat from Metz. Severe battle before that fortress. General Steinmetz drives the French within the fortifications. Heavy losses on both sides.
- AUG. 16.—Great battle at Mars-la-Tour. Prince Frederick Charles stops the retreat of Bazaine, and forces him to fall back on Metz.
- AUG. 18.—Battle of Gravelotte, or Rézonville. Bazaine, after an obstinate and bloody contest, forced to retire within the fortifications of Metz.
- AUG. 24.—McMahon assumes command of four corps destined to operate for the relief of Bazaine.
- AUG. 30.—A part of McMahon's army routed at Beaumont. The Prussians take six thousand prisoners. The French army begin a retreat toward Sedan.
- AUG. 31.—The French continue the retreat, harassed and almost encircled by the Germans. Bazaine makes a vigorous but vain effort to break through the army investing Metz.
- SEPT. 1.—McMahon's army defeated before Sedan, with a loss of twenty-five thousand prisoners. The remainder, under General Wimpffen, offer to capitulate. A renewed attempt of Bazaine's to escape from Metz is repulsed with heavy loss.
- SEPT. 2.—Wimpffen surrenders Sedan with eighty-four thousand men, besides fourteen thousand wounded, and four hundred and eighty guns of every description. The Emperor Napoleon surrenders at the same time.
- SEPT. 4.—The surrender of Sedan made known in Paris. Stormy sitting of the Corps Législatif. The Right withdraws, and the Left decrees the deposition of Napoleon. The Republic proclaimed at the Hôtel de Ville.
- SEPT. 5.—The Government of National Defence (Trochu, Jules Favre, Gambetta, Crémieux, Simon, etc.) constituted.
- SEPT. 9.—Surrender of Laon, followed by a destructive explosion.
- SEPT. 19.—Paris invested. General Ducrot defeated in front of the southern forts by the army of the Prussian Crown Prince. Jules Favre has an interview with Bismarck.
- SEPT. 20.—Breaking up of Jules Favre's peace negotiation.
- SEPT. 23.—Capitulation of Toul to the Germans after a vigorous resistance.
- SEPT. 27.—General Ulrich, the commander at Strasbourg, offers to capitulate.
- SEPT. 28.—The garrison of Strasbourg, seventeen thousand strong, lays down its arms. Heavy captures of war material by the Germans.
- SEPT. 30.—A sortie from Paris, in force, under General Venoy, repulsed by the Crown Prince.
- OCT. 7.—A furious attack by Bazaine on the Prussian lines north of Metz repulsed with heavy loss on both sides.
- OCT. 10.—Defeat of a part of the French Army of the Loire at Artenay.
- OCT. 11.—The Army of the Loire defeated with heavy loss before Orleans. The city occupied by the Germans.
- OCT. 16.—Capitulation of Soissons.
- OCT. 22.—A sortie from Fort du Mont Valérien repulsed.
- OCT. 25.—Capitulation of Schlessstadt.
- OCT. 27.—Bazaine surrenders Metz with his entire army, comprising one hundred and seventy-three thousand men, and immense quantities of artillery and munitions of war.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

THE REV. SABINE BARING-GOULD, of whom we give the accompanying portrait, was born in Exeter, England, in 1834. His family has been settled in Devonshire since the reign of Henry III., and was connected with Sir Francis Drake and with General Monk, Duke of Albemarle, who restored Charles II. to the throne.

Mr. Baring-Gould was named after his great-uncle, Sir Edward Sabine, K. C. B., President of the Royal Society. He was educated at Clare College, Cambridge, and took his degree in 1856. Being greatly interested in the Norse languages and literature, he visited Iceland in 1862, to perfect his acquaintance with the old Norse tongue, and to visit the scenes mentioned in the historical sagas.

He was ordained in 1865, and his first curacy was Horbury, near Wakefield. He is at present curate of Dalton, a small agricultural parish near Thirsk, in the arch-diocese of York.

The writings of Mr. Baring-Gould are already voluminous for so young a man, and display remarkable research and industry. He has published: "The Path of the Just;" "Post-medieval Preachers;" "Iceland, its Scenes and Sagas;" "The Book of Were-wolves;" "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages;" "The Silver Store;" and, lastly, "The Origin and Development of Religious Belief." He is also in part the author of "The Folk-lore of the Northern Counties of England."

"The Origin and Development of Religious Belief" is, thus far, the author's most important and most interesting work. It is divided into two parts, each forming a volume, of which the first is entitled "Heathenism and Mosaism," and the second "Christianity." It undertakes to investigate, in a purely scientific manner, the origin of religion, avoiding the supernatural, and confining research entirely to positive external grounds. The author writes from a philosophic, and not from a religious, point of view, assuming nothing, not even the existence of God, and accepting no revelation but that of our own nature, on which alone, he declares, the Church of the Future must establish its claims to acceptance.

His first volume is really a suggestive series of able essays on the most important topics, such as the idea of Immortality, the origin of Polytheism, Mythology, Idolatry, Monotheism, Pantheism, Asceticism, and Mysticism. The whole range of history, the entire literature of travel and ethnology, the traditions and legends of all nations, from

the Hindoos, the Chinese, the Greeks, and the Hebrews, to the Fejee-Islanders, and the Aztecs of Mexico, and the rudest tribes of North and South America, have been ransacked to furnish illustrations for the author's theories, and to add weight to his arguments. In point of learning, and of careful and extensive study, the book, as we remarked in a former number of the JOURNAL, cannot fail to command the respect of every competent critic.

In basing his argument purely on philosophic and scientific truth, the author was careful to say nothing in derogation of revelation or of the Scriptures. He doubtless thought that his position as a clergyman of the Church of England would be a sufficient voucher for the orthodoxy of his views. But, as we learn from the preface to the second

volume of his work—that which treats of Christianity—he has been denounced in various quarters as "a gross materialist, a thorough rationalist, and an undisguised infidel." These imputations, however, are grossly unjust, as will be apparent to all who peruse the author's second volume, in which he shows that the facts of human nature, and the laws they reveal to us, as exhibited in history, establish the truth of the existence of God, of the immortality of the soul, and the fundamental doctrine of Christianity—the incarnation. Starting from the great facts and laws of human nature and the universe, he shows that in them is contained the whole scheme of Christianity. Admitting, for argument's sake, all the current objections to the authority of the Scriptures, he yet shows, by a peculiar process of reasoning, that the evidence for the incarnation is too strong to be overthrown.

Not only in theology, but also in politics, Mr. Baring-Gould appears to be a bold and liberal thinker. His political views are palpably indicated in the following passage from his latest volume:

"It is somewhat remarkable that the rapid religious revival of this day should coincide with the spread of truer feeling on the constitution of government. Men are beginning to see that hereditary sovereignty is a relic of mediævalism, that autocracy is an immorality, and that the source of authority is in the people, not in the crown. In like manner, men are learning that the crown has no divine right to meddle in the relations between man and God, to sanction some and to forbid others." "The Origin and Development of Religious Belief" has been republished in this country by D. Appleton & Co., in two volumes, and is attracting much attention from theologians and scientific men by its peculiar and original treatment of the highest problems which can exercise the human understanding.



SABINE, BARING-GOULD.

FAMOUS TREES.

THE Old World has ever fostered with tender care its historic trees, and spared no means which science and human skill could afford to perpetuate their growth and thrift; for around these mighty models of the Maker's preëminent power linger, for ages, memories of events fraught with impressive interest. And in our own land many localities are rendered historic by the presence of trees renowned for their prominent connection with events of wide-spread interest and enduring fame. Many cities have their historic trees, with cherished associations, often recalled with pride and honored mention by the citizen who greets each year afresh their budding boughs and leafy shade.

Queen Elizabeth's Oak, in Herefordshire, England, situated in Hatfield Park, is over a thousand years old; beneath its branches, Princess Elizabeth, while a prisoner at Hatfield, during her daily rambles in the park, often sat in meditation and solitude, and here she was sitting when the tidings reached her of Queen Mary's death and her own elevation to the throne.

In London, the now almost lifeless trunk of a venerable sycamore-tree is fostered with great care, marking the spot by the old Thames wall where what was then the margin of the river, and where Oliver Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, and their companions, sat for hours in the summer season.

A type of antiquity in the vegetable kingdom is that of a fig-tree in Ceylon, planted, according to documentary and traditional evidence, 288 a. c., making it two thousand one hundred and fifty-five years old. Naturalists, however, compute the age of the giant tree in Calaveras County, California, from the number of concentric circles in the trunk, to be two thousand five hundred and sixty-five years old.

If, however, we follow up the record of ancient trees, with the estimated age of each, we must consider the remarkable cypress, with a circumference of one hundred and seventeen feet and ten inches, at Taxodinne, in Mexico, which is said to be five thousand years old; the sycamore of the Bosphorus, four thousand and twenty; the yew of Braburn, Kent, three thousand; also, the yew of Fotheringay, Scotland, two thousand five hundred; the cedar of Mount Lebanon, two thousand one hundred and twelve; the sycamore at Heliopolis, eighteen hundred and five; the yew-trees at Fountain Abbey and Crowhurst, Yorkshire, over a thousand each—while there are others, in Eastern countries, famous in history, hundreds of years old.

We must not omit to mention the wonderful tree which so far commanded the admiration of the Emperor Napoleon as to cause him to diverge from the direct line by which he designed to construct a great road over the Alps, that this tree might be spared. This is the cypress of Somma, Lombardy, Italy, which is known as one of the oldest on record, being planted forty-two years before Christ.

One of the most remarkable trees in history is the far-famed specimen of the *Dracena draco*, or dragon-tree, often mentioned by travellers, growing—until its complete destruction by a gale, very recently—at Orotava, in the island of Teneriffe.

Humboldt spoke of it some sixty years ago, and computed it to be six thousand years old. Sir George Staunton had previously brought it into notice, in 1795; and, in 1771, T. C. Borda, a Frenchman, produced a drawing of this tree, which Humboldt subsequently published. In July, 1819, a storm partially destroyed it, greatly reducing its size and magnificent proportions.

A recent English periodical mentions a great chestnut-tree at Tortworth, in Gloucestershire, which, it says, rivals or surpasses any existing oak or yew-tree in Great Britain. Its circumference, five feet from the ground, is over fifty feet. As it was mentioned as a boundary-mark of the manor in the reign of Stephen, was famous in King John's time for its magnitude, and was in existence in the time of Egbert, it may be even much older than a thousand years.

The magnitude of the famous chestnut-tree on Mount Etna is still more remarkable. This is the "Castagno de Cento Cavalli," which is probably the largest chestnut-tree in the world; the trunk of which is described by Brydone as resembling five large trees growing together, and having a hollow cavity more than sixty feet in diameter.

But the plane-trees of Greece seem to bear away the palm for magnitude. Of this species is the specimen of "Godfrey de Bouillon," at Buyukdere, on the European side of the Bosphorus, a tree that was flourishing when first

"Byzantium's native sign
Of cross on crescent was unfurled."

and is conjectured by M. de Candolle to be more than two thousand years old. When measured in 1831, it was found to be a hundred and forty feet in circumference at the base, and it has been described as resembling a tower of clustered trunks. Its branches are said to be more like a forest than like a single tree. Its sides are cavernous, and shelter the herdsmen, who make their fires in these hollows.

Another enormous plane-tree, growing upon the banks of the Selinus, near Nastizza, is mentioned in Hobhouse's "Travels in Albania," and is described as being forty-five feet in circumference at the base, and a hundred feet high, covered with luxuriant foliage. In the Turkish Empire these ancient trees seem to be held in reverence, as they were before the days of the Prophet.

The Mohammedans retire to pray and meditate under them, selecting those beneath whose shade religious men in former days are believed to have meditated and prayed.

A traveller gives the following account of the "zamaug," a tree belonging to the sub-order *Cessapinae*, which he saw in Venezuela, South America:

"Its head is somewhat the shape of an open umbrella, and covers very nearly an acre of ground. In 1857, I measured its head in its greatest diameter, from east-southwest to west-northwest, most carefully, and found it to be two hundred and six feet and eleven inches. Fifty years previous it was found, by Humboldt, to measure, in its greatest diameter, one hundred and ninety-two feet, French measure, which is equal to two hundred and four feet and six inches English. Hence we see that this extraordinary tree has, within fifty-seven years, increased the horizontal diameter of its head only by two feet six inches, by which we may infer that it is of a good old age."

Among the flourishing giant trees of Western Australia, rivaling in magnitude our California wonders, is one near Warren River, recently discovered, and by actual measurement found to be four hundred feet high; and another in the same region, in the Black Spur Mountains, four hundred and eighty feet high. The tallest tree in California is said not to exceed four hundred and fifty feet. Although the tree at Warren River is large enough to permit three riders and an additional pack-horse to enter its hollow trunk and turn in it without dismounting, the size of some of the California trees, at the trunk, greatly surpasses it. The stump of one of the latter measured, on its surface, a space of six hundred square feet.

The Brazilian journals tell of a wonderful tree on the banks of the Branco, a tributary of the great Amazon, under the canopy of which ten thousand human beings may find shelter, and the height of which is such that a gigantic bird, the sononydon, perches itself so high up as to be quite beyond rifle-shot. The tree belongs to the malvaceous order.

Many localities in the United States possess specimens of trees with which are identified historical incidents, either local or national; and some of these are of remarkable interest. But, before we pass from the subject of large trees, we must refer to those which distinguish the State of Missouri. The largest is a sycamore-tree, in Mississippi County, sixty-five feet high, and forty-three feet in diameter. A cypress in Cape-Girardeau County, one foot above the ground, measures twenty-nine feet in circumference. A cottonwood, in Mississippi County, measures thirty feet round. A pecan, in the same county, is eighteen feet in circumference. A black walnut, in Benton County, measures twenty-two feet at the base. A white-oak, in Howard County, is twenty-six feet, and a tulip-tree, in Cape-Girardeau County, thirty feet in circumference. A hackberry, in Howard County, measures eleven feet; a Spanish oak, in New-Madrid County, measures twenty-six, and a white ash, in Mississippi County, sixteen feet, at the base of the trunk. A honey locust, in Howard County, is thirteen feet round. There is a willow, in Pemiscot County, that has grown to the size of twenty-four feet in circumference, and one hundred feet in height. There is a tupelo, in Stoddard County, thirty feet at the base. Mississippi County also boasts of a sassafras-tree which must be the king of the race; it measures nine feet in circumference. There is a persimmon, in the same county, nine feet in circumference; and in Pemiscot County a dogwood, six feet in circumference. In Mississippi County paw-paws grow to a circumference of three feet, and grapevines and trumpet-creepers to a circumference of nearly two feet.

A sycamore-tree, one hundred and ten feet high, and with a hollow fourteen feet in the clear, is mentioned as a feature in Calhoun

County, Illinois. In Kansas, at the mouth of Fall River, is a remarkable tree, the dimensions of which are on record in Washington. It is nine feet in diameter, thirty feet in circumference, and runs up, straight as an arrow, forty feet without limbs.

The "Thousand-mile Tree" is said to be the only pine-tree between Omaha and Salt Lake.

The historical pine-tree on Isle aux Pois, known as the "English Lookout," from having been used for a post of observation by the English, after their retreat from New Orleans, has recently been destroyed.

The original "London Pippin-tree," in Virginia, is still standing. It is known to have borne every season, for the past eighty years, from forty-five to seventy-five bushels of apples, and, eighty years ago, it was regarded as a venerable specimen of vegetation. The fruit is of excellent quality, and above the average size. The tree is forty-five feet high.

Another aged fruit-tree—the "Big Apple-Tree," as it was known—recently passed away after an existence of over a century and a half, it is believed, at Peekskill, New York. Its trunk, near the ground, was over thirteen feet in circumference.

The famous "Charter Oak," at Hartford, now totally extinct—if we except a few cultured off-shoots which have sprouted at the base of the mother-trunk—was regarded with national pride and veneration.

The renowned "Treaty-Tree" on the banks of the Delaware, at Philadelphia, was the pride of that city until it yielded to the elements in March, 1810, when it was destroyed by a gale. A twig from this tree was successfully reared subsequently and grew to considerable size within the City-Hospital grounds, at Philadelphia. The old "Treaty-Tree" marked the veritable spot where William Penn made his celebrated treaty with the Indians.

The old "Council-Tree of the Senecas," nearly five centuries old, at Mount Morris, New York, was destroyed by a gale not long ago. It measured twenty-three feet in circumference. The solemn councils of the Seneca chiefs were held beneath this tree from time immemorial.

The historic tree on Boston Common, with which so many Revolutionary incidents are identified, still struggles for an existence, which the kindly citizens have exerted themselves to prolong by every practicable device.

The noted "Stuyvesant Pear-Tree," of New York, planted two hundred years ago by the hand of old Governor Stuyvesant, after weathering the hardships of metropolitan life, in one of the busiest sections of the city, was destroyed, a few years ago, by a careless wag-oner, though a thrifty shoot from it still stands enclosed within a strong iron railing, shaped for its especial protection.

There are aged pear-trees living in the town of Elliot, Maine, from which fruit was taken one hundred and forty years ago.

Many noble elms are associated with New-England history. Those of New Haven are world-wide in reputation. The largest elm in Connecticut is at Portland, in that State, measuring twenty-two feet around the trunk.

Another in Vermont, with a trunk measuring seven feet in diameter, and believed to be three hundred years old, was recently destroyed.

An elm, at North Adams, Mass., measures fourteen feet and one inch in circumference. Its lowest limb is sixty feet from the ground.

At Granby, Mass., there is a fine elm of a century's growth. Upon the side of this tree, twelve feet from the ground, is a currant-bush rooted in the bark, which has thrived and produced its annual crop of fruit for years.

Albany, New York, has a famous elm. Under its branches, it is said, many Indian and Dutch councils, in early days, were held. This tree still stands at the corner of State and North Pearl Streets, and is a centenarian in antiquity.

At Trenton and Ringoes, New Jersey, are now growing two large willow-trees whose history is remarkable. The one in the latter place was grown by implanting a twig from the former, and that in Trenton was formed by the importation of a branch from the original willow that has so long shaded the tomb of Napoleon Bonaparte at St. Helena. A gentleman, years ago, on a visit to this island, placed a branch from the tree in a tub filled with earth. It took root and thrived, and was transplanted at Trenton, has attained its present size, and now several other trees, produced from it, are growing in different parts of the country.

H. K. W. WILCOX.

WATER-SPOUTS.

MANY years of personal experience and observation, besides a frequent comparison of notes with others, have led me to the conclusion that water-spouts are more common near the land than in the open sea, and that, as a rule, they are restricted within certain limits. I do not remember ever to have seen one in the North Atlantic or Pacific Oceans, while they are very common in the Gulf of Mexico, among the West-India Islands, along the west coast of Africa, and in the Indian Ocean.

Their form and appearance are so well known, that no detailed description of them is necessary; but I will remark that the first warning we have of their appearance is by the dependence of a slender, inverted cone from a dark cloud. Soon a lighter-colored cloud rises from the water a little to leeward of it, and the two, soon joining together, go whirling on their way as a water-spout. But this junction is not always effected. It is no uncommon occurrence to see a half-dozen or more embryo water-spouts descending from one cloud, with only a slight disturbance in the water underneath, and for them all to finally vanish without a single one being completed. This I have never heard accounted for, but should imagine it to be for the reason that the power of the wind contained in the cloud is so divided or scattered, that in no one part of it is there sufficient force to draw the water up to it; for, where but one cone descends from a cloud, it generally finds its complement. Still I remember on one occasion to have seen five complete water-spouts formed under one cloud, which was not only a rare sight, but also one of the most magnificent that I ever witnessed. We were in the Indian Ocean, running with a light, fair wind for Java Head, the highlands of the island being visible from aloft. A heavy thunder-squall was coming up from the westward, its black cloud covering about a quadrant of the horizon, and forming an arch, the centre of which was at an altitude of about thirty degrees. Above this bank, which was rendered "dark as Erebus" by the sun being low down behind it in the west, there rose a superincumbent mass of clouds nearly to the zenith, presenting, in their ever-varying forms and wonderful transmutations of color, a scene of rare and resplendent beauty, strangely at variance with the gloomy arch that formed their support, and from which now came faint gleams of lighting, and the ominous mutterings of distant thunder. As the storm-cloud rose higher, the water-spouts formed gradually one after the other, at nearly equal distances apart, giving one the idea of five great pillars supporting an archway that might be the portal to the infernal regions. This illusion was still more apparent when, just at sunset, there shone through between the pillars, for a few minutes, a faint but lurid glare of light, which as suddenly disappeared, leaving us to the brief twilight of the tropics, and the labors incumbent to a stormy night.

The danger to ships from water-spouts is much exaggerated, for a ship properly handled can keep out of the way, if there is any wind. There are but few well-authenticated accounts of vessels coming in contact with them, and of such the only one that occurs to my memory at present is the case of the United States frigate *Potomac*, which occurred about thirty years ago. She was in the vortex of a hurricane at the time, and had not wind enough to fill her sails. Shotted guns, the traditional method of breaking a water-spout, were made use of, but failed in having the desired effect, either from bad gunnery, or from the inefficacy of the remedy. When the shock came, it was terrible for a few seconds, the ship whirling around as if in a whirlpool, while the water poured down with a force that threatened to stave in the decks. This avalanche of water would probably have proved fatal to a merchant-ship with her close bulwarks; but the frigate had her spar-deck ports open, so that she was soon relieved from the weight of water on her decks, and came out from this baptism with but little more damage than she had sustained in the ordeal of fire at Quallah Battoo. If proper statistics were at hand, it would be found that water-spouts have done less mischief afloat than they have ashore, especially in the Windward Islands of the West Indies.

I do not remember to have ever been in danger from them, personally, but once, and that was in the Gulf of Mexico. We had sailed from Mobile on the previous evening, but, owing to light winds and calms, were only thirty miles from the point when the wind set in from northeast with heavy rain-squalls. In less than an hour there were twenty-three water-spouts in sight at one time, all moving in dif-

ferent directions. There was much doubt and hesitation about the course to be pursued, for it was impossible to know at what moment one of them might change its course and come for us. While holding a council of war, another one formed within a few hundred yards of us, and sailed away on our weather-quarter, roaring like an incipient Niagara. As no positive rule could be laid down for our guidance, we determined to keep straight on our course, unless compelled to turn out; and, after running the gantlet among them for about three hours, came out into clear water, fully impressed with the truth of the sailor's maxim that *Fortune favors the lucky*.

H. W. DODGE.

JOB—CHAPTER XVI., VERSE 2.

I SAW two angels sitting by my dead—
One at the feet, the other at the head.

One spake: "Lo, I am Resignation; see—
Comfort and peace shall enter in with me.

"Drive thou rebellious sorrow from thy breast,
And let me enter there a welcome guest."

Then spake the other: "I am Faith, I hold
The shining keys of heaven's gate of gold.

"Thy loved one liveth still. Weep not so sore!
He waits thee where farewells are heard no more."

"Hence! ye vain visitants," I wildly cried,
"Mock not my grief, yon hallowed dust beside!

"Give me again the manly shelt'ring breast,
The warm, fond lips, on mine so often pressed.

"Give me the strong, true arm, on which I leant,
The loving eyes, on mine in fondness bent.

"Then speak of consolation—but not here,
While yon dear clay lies cold upon the bier.

"Though we may meet again (oh, where? and how?)—
Long years of anguish lie 'twixt then and now.

"Ere I behold him, O thou mocking Fate!
There is a lifetime of despair to wait.

"Can grief like mine be slain by empty breath?
Give to my dead love life, or give me death!

"No consolation have ye brought to me.
Hence!—miserable comforters are ye."

A rush of white wings stirred the startled air,
And I was left alone with my despair.

LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER.

LONGEVITY.

IN an old volume of Miscellanies, printed many years ago, we find the following statement:

"Golour McCrain, of the isle of Jura, one of the Hebrides, is said to have kept one hundred and eighty Christmasses in his own house, and died in the reign of James II."

By a single step we are led back to the beginning of the sixteenth century. America was a wilderness without a single white settlement on it. The great Genoese discoverer was painfully drawing his last sigh when McCrain was an infant at his mother's breast. Printing had come into general use, and the conquest of Granada was as yet the great theme of the day. Luther, Albert Dürer, Ariosto, Rabelais, were youths emerging into manhood during this man's early years. In his tenth year, Copernicus discovers the true system of the universe. The same year saw Thomas, Cardinal Wolsey, at the height

of his power. At this time, St. Peter's, at Rome, was being erected, and St. Paul's, in London, had not been commenced. Some few years previous to this, Flodden had been fought, and England saved from a Scotch invasion. In his twelfth year the conquest of Mexico, by Cortez, was achieved. Calvin, John Knox, Ignatius Loyola, Cranmer, and Sir Thomas More, were contemporaries of his early manhood. Henry VIII., Charles V., Francis I., Leo X., were the glorious lights that dazzled the world in his manhood. Poland was then a great and powerful nation; Prussia was a feeble duchy, and Russia had not yet risen from the Asiatic steppes and asserted her tremendous influence on European politics. Spain was a nation whose friendship was sought by the proudest and noblest. The Diet of Worms, and the Council of Trent, were convened in his thirty-seventh year. The years rolled by; men were born, grew to manhood, crept into old age and the grave. Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary, Queen Bess, James I., Charles I., Cromwell, Charles II., all rose, flourished, and fell. Tasso, Camoëns, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Spenser, Lope de Vega, Massinger, Dryden, Bunyan, in literature; Titian, Veronese, Rubens, Rembrandt, Vandyck, Claude Lorraine, Velasquez, Murillo, Rosa, in art; Raleigh, Bayard, Condé, Turenne, Saxe, Gustavus Adolphus, in war; Newton, Kepler, Copernicus, Tycho Brahe, in science; Descartes, Rochefoucault, Pascal, in philosophies—all added their quota to the knowledge, information, or improvement of mankind, made their marks, and fell to dust. And when this man, after the lapse of nearly two centuries, was dying, an infant sprang into life who, beating the drum at Queen Anne's coronation, followed Marlborough into Bavaria, was wounded there, returned on a pension to England, emigrated to America, and died in New York in 1830, thus making one of two steps by which we go back to Flodden Field and the times of Bayard.

Perhaps the patriarch who is best known after Methuselah, is Thomas, commonly called Old Parr. And yet the only reliable information we possess concerning him is, that he was a laboring man in Shropshire, England, who, attracting the notice of the Earl of Arundel by reason of his great age, was by him brought to London, where he attracted much attention and comment. The new life, however, suited him not, and he died, November 15, 1635, aged one hundred and fifty-three years.

Henry Jenkins, living during the same reigns, died in 1670, two hundred years since, at the age of one hundred and sixty-nine.

Russia furnishes some remarkable instances of longevity; among others a man, living in Cronstadt, whose father was with Peter the Great in his invasion of Ingria, in 1700. Another is said to be at Dantzic, aged one hundred and eighty-four, being born a year before the death of Golour McCrain, mentioned above. Still another is said to have died in Wallachia, in 1864, who fought under Frederick the Great.

France also adds a few patriarchs to this curious list. Some years since I noticed that a man had just been liberated from the galleys, having entered them in 1756, at the age of eighteen, for a term of one hundred years, which he lived out, while the judge who condemned him, and the king who then sat on the throne, had long mingled with their kindred dust. And who, that has gazed on the remnant of Napoleon's Old Guard who totter feebly about the Invalides at Paris, has not felt his heart swell with the thought that these men heard the thunders of Lodi, fought under the shadow of the Pyramids on that hot July morning, seventy-two years ago, and struggled across the desert to snatch victory from the hands of the Turks on the Mount of the Transfiguration?

North Carolina at present boasts the champion of the Union, in the person of a sage of a hundred and forty-three, though we believe the honor is disputed by several sister States.

During the "late unpleasantness," we chanced to be thrown in contact with the body-servant of General Jackson, who claimed to have been with his master at the battle of New Orleans. It was curious to hear him describe with energy, as a thing of yesterday, the details of that conflict, that has so long passed into history.

In the spring of 1861, as I was near Yorktown with my regiment, I was shown a negro who related to a circle of attentive listeners his impressions of the surrender, which had taken place eighty years before. According to his story, he had been a cook in the American camp, and had witnessed the delivery of the sword of the British general at a distance of a hundred yards.

Very many theories have been started, showing the causes which

lead to longevity. Among others are lightness of diet, cleanliness, frequent bathing, peculiarity of garb, and other matters relating to general habits. But the true secret is contained, we think, in the old lines:

"A pleasant heart; a quiet mind,
That joy in all God's works can find;
A conscience free from guilty pain;
A soul not envious nor vain;
Shall on man's head bring down God's benison,
And strengthen more than ale or venison."—*Ferrer Colquhitt.*

H. C. ANDERSON.

THE MIXED HUMAN RACES.

A FEW American naturalists have advanced the notion that, in the crossings of races, the inferior is bettered, while the superior is degraded to a corresponding extent. M. de Quatrefages, the eminent French anthropologist, however, is very decidedly of the other view, and insists that an intermingling of races is of the greatest importance in developing new and desirable types of mankind. In modern times, he says, each new mixture has given birth to a civilization superior, at least in certain respects, to those from which it took its origin. Two great sources have furnished the origin of the European people; on the one hand, the Allophyllic (or aboriginal) stock itself presenting numerous derivative branches, and, on the other, the various Aryan tribes. The modern European is a hybrid, a thousand times crossed from the Allophyllic and the Aryan races.

In estimating the value of a mixed breed, such as is found in South America, we ought to use as our standard of comparison the actual white ancestors, and their pure-blooded descendants, the Creoles. It is not fair to draw comparisons with the superior class of whites which has been exposed for centuries to all the refining influences of modern European society. The South-American mixed races are wholly acclimated. Quatrefages quotes authority for declaring them "robust, indefatigable, sober;" some declare them equal, or even superior, to the pure-blooded whites; and he has met with no traveller who states that the mixed races are notably inferior to the whites as respects intelligence. They have "much of intelligence, spirit, and imagination." The intermixture of four distinct peoples (Portuguese, natives of the Azores, and the Gayanazes, and Carijos) gave birth, in the province of St. Paul, to a hybrid race, which in physical characteristics was equal or superior to the Creole races that remained unmixed; which governed all the neighboring races by its warlike energy, in times when war, so to speak, was the normal state; which, changing with the general condition of society, came back to more peaceful occupations, and in peace still preserved its superiority. Their energy, courage, and enterprise, equalled, if it did not surpass, that displayed by the European conquerors of the country.

The beauty of the mixed blood of black and white is not to be disputed. In Martinique, St. Domingo, Brazil, and other countries, the mulattoes compare very favorably with the whites in all respects.

But in America the period of the invasion of races is still going on, and the experiment of amalgamation is far from having given a settled result. As an example of perfect amalgamation, the author cites the Pitcairn-Islanders, who took their origin, in 1789, from nine English sailors, and six men and fifteen women of Tahiti. In 1793, owing to feuds, there remained but four whites, and ten women, besides children. Three of the white men died before long, and the remainder lived in absolute seclusion from the rest of the world, until visited by Captain Beechey in 1825. He found a population of sixty-six persons, remarkable for their beautiful proportions, their muscular power, and extraordinary agility; their keen and quick intelligence, their earnest desire for instruction, and their moral qualities. Certainly this society was superior to the very great majority of the original component elements.

Dr. Bastian supports a view analogous to that of De Quatrefages. He says:

"Nothing more strongly characterizes the profound confusion, and the utter want of all elementary principles in ethnography, than the prevailing opinion of the degenerating influence of mixture on race; while it is patent that, wherever civilized peoples appear in history, they are but the highest product out of an infinite number of mixtures. Generally the primitive roots of their ethnological genesis go back to

prehistoric times, which are far removed from our view; they (the roots) become known only by their effects when the race in the light of history has grown into a dominant nationality, but every scientific inquiry is at an end if we then want to consider such nationality as a *Deus ex machina*, instead of analyzing its organic genesis. We talk of purity of race; breeders consider it of the utmost value to retain the blood of their stock pure, and not to deteriorate it by mixture. So far, so good. But are therefore these thorough-bred races pure races, if by pure is understood primitive and aboriginal? Is the improved English short-horned breed of cattle the representative of the wild species, or is it not rather a creature grown out of many and most artificial crossings? In the race of Berkshire hogs, as it now exists, we find English, Tonquinesian, and Neapolitan elements, which compose this valuable breed, as has been proved by Nathusius. The English race-horse is certainly not the progeny of the wild-horse of the steppe or of the pampas; on the contrary, it is produced by careful crossings out of Arab barbs and English blood in order to provide it with the requisite qualities. The Arab horse also will be, according to all probabilities, the product of crossings, its origin dating back into a prehistoric period."

An article on the "Race Question in Ireland," by J. W. Jackson (*Anthropological Review*, January, 1869), recognizes the same law in a limited degree. "Few facts," says Jackson, "are now better established than the periodic baptism of certain types by their racial correlates. The conquest and colonization of the Celtic area by the Teutons is an instance in point. The previous conquest of the same area by the Romans is another. Now, from the latter the Irish were wholly exempt, both to their moral and physical disadvantage. And they have but imperfectly partaken of the benefits of the former. The result is that, throughout large portions, more especially of Munster and Connaught, we find the Celt in a state of racial exhaustion; while he everywhere lacks that political and municipal training which we owe to the domination of Rome, and that social organization which we have derived from feudalism."

In regard to England, he states that the Celtic element in that country is totally misapprehended. While the majority of Englishmen fancy themselves Saxons, or Anglo-Normans, they will of course despise the poverty-stricken remnant of the Celts. But the days of this popular fallacy are obviously numbered. Anthropology condemns it. Britain is unalterably an integral portion of the Celtic area, susceptible of a Teutonic as of a classic "baptism," but nothing more.

A GIRL'S SUBTERFUGES.

"WILT thou be an ancient maiden?"
Say the matrons unto me;
"Wilt thou have no chubby children,
Clinging fondly to thy knee?"
"Ruddy matrons! happy mothers!"
What are children unto me?"

"Wilt thou live alone forever?"
Say the matrons unto me.
Light I answer: "Who is single
Should be ever blithe and free.
Sober matrons! thoughtful mothers!
Liberty is sweet to me!"

"Youth is scornful in the sunshine,"
Say the matrons unto me.
"Drop thy 'kerchief, boastful beauty!
While thine eye is bright of blue,
Age is lurking in the shadow—
Age is creeping up to thee!"

And I answer, lightly laughing,
What the matrons say to me:
"I am given to Diana—
To the huntress, fair and free—
And the lumpy, lovesick Venus,
Hath no follower in me!"

HOWARD GLYNDON.

TABLE-TALK.

THE love of money may be the root of all evil, as austere moralists assert, but from it springs a great many precious means of refined enjoyment. The love of money, or of what money can command, brings from the capitals of the Old World, and from the obscure hamlets where genius may live, the very flower of humanity, and places before us the most famous artists to interpret or illustrate the magic stuff of which we are all made, to show us the gold threads, the tragic and comic, that are woven in the loom of human life. Just now, for example, in New York, the money that New-Yorkers are willing to pay for the luxury of art and music has brought Nilsson from Europe, a pure type of the sweet and potent charm of song; it has brought Seebach, the great *tragedienne*; it brought Fechter; it brought the late Charles Dickens; and, in years gone by, it brought Thackeray. Not the least of what it commands is to be seen in the fine-art emporiums of New York, in Goupil's gallery, in Schaus's and in S. P. Avery's art rooms. Just now, at Goupil's, corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, a fine collection of foreign paintings is to be seen—chiefly from French painters, some from Belgian and German painters. It is worth much time and trouble to see these new pictures. Passing through the simple and yet rich department devoted to the sale of engravings and photographs and artists' materials, and mounting a very pretty stairway, we find ourselves in a simple and elegant gallery, surrounded by some of the best modern art, and not a little of the feminine beauty, of New York; for the ladies of the city have the taste of elegance, and cultivate the sense of art by frequent visits to the galleries of Goupil & Co. But, for once, we can turn our backs upon the fair and sumptuous dames and demoiselles of New York, and look upon the still *presence* which the hand of some cunning artist sets before us. We can look to the full of our enjoyment upon the pictured beauty on the canvas of the painter, and we become, as it were, the intimate and familiar friend of the most secluded and exquisite women. Here, for example, is a lovely Belgian girl in her garden, clad in white, with a yellow underskirt, an immense pink Japanese fan in her hand. What a type of elegance, and grace, and feminine charm! The presence of such a picture in a man's parlor would be worth almost as much as a liberal education to his daughters; it would be better than a book of decorum, and it would always give pleasure. We will not speak of the *art* of this exquisite picture—it must be seen to be appreciated. Next we have a charming French girl, painted by Toulmouche; she stands with her back toward us, clad in black velvet, cut very low behind, showing the roundest and most delicate shoulders, with a soft and pearly skin; her arms are bare, and she stands in a blue-and-pink room, before a bookcase, and is reading the "Code Civil du Mariage." There is a delicate touch of satire in this exquisite picture; the artist has brought a virgin mind, as it were, on face of the conclusions of sage and crafty

experience, by which the liberty of this charming girl is contracted to the letter of the law. But foreign art gives us something more than girls and women in moments of the most serene and attractive life: for example, here is an old Arab chief watering his favorite horse at twilight, and, as he sits wrapped in his ample draperies, old and grave, with that expression of dignity common to the silent people of the Orient, he seems almost as if presiding over a religious act; his Arabian horse, white, silvery, fine and delicate in form, almost exquisite like a woman, nervous and elegant, stands before the well, his neck arched—a very curve of beauty—his body round, his flanks clean, his fetlocks small, his legs fine, his tail abundant—a horse to win love and hold one's attention like a thing of beauty. This picture is by Schreyer, a fine artist, an artist both by his management of color and by his use of the brush. The German landscape-painter Achenbach is represented by a moonlight effect—a rising moon and an old mill, very true to Nature, but somewhat commonplace for the picturesque and varied genius of the great German landscape-painter to give us. After looking at Achenbach's picture, we must stop before a beautiful piece of color and light, painted by Bischoff, one of the best pictures in the gallery, artistic and beautiful, and not at all commonplace. It is the picture of an artist—that is, a picture without a story—painted for the simple and rare enjoyment of an effect of light, and a rich and deep combination of color. Such a picture, to be appreciated, requires a taste more cultivated than that which marvels before Rosa Bonheur's cattle or Landseer's dogs; it exacts the taste of an artist—about the rarest form of taste, as it is the highest that is known—the taste which made the Greeks hospitable to the genius of Phidias, and keeps in subjection the merely imitative and curious part of art to the creative, the intelligent, the ideal, and the natural. But enough. We have not lingered as long as we could wish, but as long as we could, in a New-York gallery of art. There is much more to be seen and thought of than we have mentioned; we can only hope that what we have written may prompt those who are able to purchase from the gallery some specimens of American or foreign art, to be a companionship of beauty in households far from the great centres of taste and refinement, propagating throughout the country the taste and the love for the best fruits of a refined civilization, without which wealth is shorn of one of its best uses.

— Among the lamentations regarding the degeneracy of the times, none is more common than that which deplores the decline of courtesy toward women. With manners, in almost all things pertaining to the intercourse of society, far less elaborate and courtly than those of the old school, the men of to-day are specially devoid of that so-called chivalrous devotion toward the feminine sex which was so marked a characteristic of the gentlemen of seventy years ago. A good many reasons are given in explanation of this degeneracy, some of which attribute the change to the general decline of politeness; others, to the new position women are assuming, or endeavoring to assume, in the affairs of life. There can be no doubt that each of these things has contributed its share toward the result so generally deprecated. Manners among the people generally are probably no rougher than they ever were; but men and women of society are not so courtly, nor so artificial, as they were in by-gone times. We have been approaching a democratic level in this particular, which, if not a disadvantage to the general public, has extracted from the refined intercourse of society a good deal of its relish and its charm. And yet it is probable that the changes of manners that have arisen have not sprung from a decline in the absolute respect we entertain toward each other. The free, off-hand, outspoken, unceremonious style of the modern beau does not necessarily imply a depreciation of woman—that is, not a depreciation of her essential qualities of modesty and goodness. It often arises from a supreme confidence in those virtues. Your gentleman of the old school, beneath all his elaborate politeness, was often a *roué* at heart; and gallantry—using the word in the sense in which it is frequently employed for indicating the worst of crimes—was looked upon, in those fine old times, as something quite pardonable. Although women are now allowed to stand in cars while men remain seated, and gentlemen do not hesitate in the presence of ladies to smoke, sit cross-legged, indolently loiter on sofas, talk slang, and otherwise conduct themselves as if at a "free and easy," we believe that every young woman is more secure from the designs of men, less liable to improper approaches, than in those times when a courtly and excessively-deferential manner was always observed toward them. Amid the many defects and vices that mark the present age, there is one notable virtue—a dislike of what we bluntly and in the slang of the day call "humbug." A good, honest, straightforward simplicity is what we esteem in man or woman. Elaborate politeness that means nothing, fine compliments that at bottom are false, deference that only covers an utter skepticism in every woman's virtue—these things we dislike and distrust. With the going out of old-fashioned politeness has very nearly gone out old-fashioned seduction. A Wilkes or an Aaron Burr is now quite impossible in our modern society—at least in our American society. If our young men have not the superb manners of their grandfathers, neither have they those arts that would render them dangerous members of society. If any of them are vicious, they have too much bluntness to conceal it. Among no people is the intercourse between the sexes so unconstrained as in America, and among no people is the virtue of women so generally respected or so secure. This is true as regards past periods as well as existing societies.

— The unfortunate and impatient housekeepers in the Atlantic States who have looked with hope to the advent of John Chinaman as the coming man who was to relieve them from their thralldom to incompetent and unmanageable "help," will have to wait a good while longer. "John" has been written to in

the Atlantic States who have looked with hope to the advent of John Chinaman as the coming man who was to relieve them from their thralldom to incompetent and unmanageable "help," will have to wait a good while longer. "John" has been written to in

California, and declines to come except in colonies of fifty or more. He replies that he does not consider it safe to trust himself alone with "outside barbarians" like ourselves, and is in no mood to travel overland three thousand miles to become a servant to the Yankees, whose speech he does not understand, and whose manners he does not admire. Koopmanchap, of San Francisco, writes to a gentleman of Boston, who had offered to take five Chinese into his family: "We tried very hard to obtain servants for you, but at present the Chinese, one and all, refuse to go on." Ah Young, who furnished the shoemakers to Mr. Sampson, of North Adams, Massachusetts, and the washermen to Captain Hervey, of New Jersey, also writes: "The principal reason of being unable to send men singly and alone is the aversion of the men to going so far under the difficulties they would encounter." In fact, "the heathen Chinese" is timid. He is willing to come in company with a party of his countrymen as far as California, because he knows that he can get back home thence by a voyage over the familiar ocean which washes his own shores, but to cross the continent alone or in small numbers is more than he has courage to do. Our housekeepers, therefore, must not look to him for relief, but must make the best of Biddy and Gretchen—at least for a good while to come.

— The *Utica Herald*, which has a very high reputation for careful and honest criticism, says of APPLETON'S JOURNAL: "It contains matter of interest to all; and, better than all, it contains no matter of an unexceptionable character. It is fresh, and up to the times; it is lively and entertaining; it enters into every department of literature, science, and art; it is as finely and profusely illustrated as any magazine published." This is high praise, and we hope our readers will think it well deserved. In that case, we would just hint to them that now is the time to renew their subscriptions, and to incite their neighbors to subscribe.

War Notes.

Siege of Paris.

From the Paris Correspondent of the Journal, by Ballou-mall, October 14th.

FROM the 7th to the 13th October, no military operations of any importance have been signalled in the neighborhood of Paris; only a number of insignificant skirmishes having been reported in the official proclamations. Both sides, however, in spite of their apparent inaction, have been fully occupied—the Germans, in forming and strengthening redoubts at all the vantage-points of their lines of investment, and constructing in the woods casemated batteries of heavy siege artillery, from which they will be able to bombard the forts; and the French, in drilling and manœuvring incessantly their young soldiers, preparing them gradually for more serious efforts, and in destroying with the heavy artillery of the external forts all the German earthworks for the protection of their batteries. The forces of the blockading armies are estimated at five hundred thousand men, who will eventually have at their disposal four hundred pieces of siege and seventeen hundred pieces of field-artillery; two hundred thousand men, under the command of the Crown Prince

of Prussia, being massed in the semicircle between Choisy-le-Roi, Versailles, and Saint-Germain; and as many on the north side, from the forest of Bondy to the forest of Montmorency, in front of the plain of Saint-Denis, under the command of the Crown Prince of Saxony, the communications being kept up between the different corps by sixty thousand cavalry. The French forces being rapidly organized, are composed of three classes, viz.: the regular army, one hundred thousand men; the Garde Mobile, one hundred thousand men, and the National Guard, two hundred thousand men—in all, four hundred thousand combatants; the most of the latter class are armed with the old percussion guns and are not yet properly organized, the intention of the authorities being to divide them into several categories, viz.: young married and unmarried men from twenty-five to thirty-five to join the regulars and the Garde Mobile in making sorties, and the older men, from thirty-five to fifty, to defend the ramparts of the city, defended by twenty-five hundred pieces of artillery and the twenty-one external forts, commanding the principal entrances to the city. When the four hundred thousand men in Paris are properly organized and equipped, they will be able to cooperate with the relief forces, now mustering in the provinces—and may possibly yet compel the German armies to relinquish the siege—which looks like a repetition of the siege of Troy in the nineteenth century. The inhabitants of Paris, now invested for nearly a month by the Germans, and completely isolated from the rest of the world, know little or nothing of the events which occur beyond the limits of their own walls. Although determined to make a resolute defence, they already feel the irksomeness of their position, and are beginning to suffer not a few privations arising from it. Butcher-meat is rationed out at the rate of three and a half ounces daily per individual; to obtain their scanty portions, long lines and groups of women besiege all the butchers' shops in the city from four in the morning till eleven. In a few weeks all the cattle in the city will be consumed, and then fresh meat, fish, vegetables, butter, eggs, and milk, will be impossibilities. Dull, gloomy, and exasperated, the usually gay Parisian brooks no contradiction, and suspects every possessor of fair hair and blue eyes of being a German spy, and every peculiar light as being a signal to the enemy: with this unfortunate frame of mind, numbers of innocent persons are arrested and otherwise annoyed. On the 18th of October a division of the thirteenth French army-corps, numbering twenty-five thousand men, composed of regulars and Gardes Mobiles, made a vigorous sortie south of Montrouge, with the intention of taking possession of the village and redoubt of Chatillon. After dislodging the Germans from the village of Baigneux, about twelve thousand French troops succeeded in entering the village of Chatillon, which, however, they were unable to retain; the Germans, having received strong reinforcements accompanied by numerous pieces of field-artillery of heavy calibre, covered the crest of the hill above Chatillon with their batteries, and opened a formidable cannonade against the French troops advancing under the protection of the forts of Vanves and Issy, which forced them to make their retreat, which they effected in good order. The Germans covering the crest of the hills suffered severely from the fire of the forts, their losses being calculated at five hundred killed, wounded, and prisoners; those of the French, who were much less exposed, being three hundred, including M. Dampierre, commanding the battalion of the Côte d'Or Garde Mobile. The villages of Cla-

mart, Meudon, Vandes, Sevres, and Saint-Cloud, including the palace, suffered severely from the cannonade.

Russia's Opportunity.

We shall not have long to wait for the European consequences of the ruin and partition of France. The power of the West to hold in check the ambitious schemes of the two great military states of Central and Eastern Europe has been suddenly paralyzed, and the minor states of the continent, both north and south, lie at their mercy. While the issue of the campaign on the Moselle was doubtful, Russia pretended to be asleep. Her government would do and her journalists would say nothing. For family reasons her diplomacy was actively and successfully exerted to prevent the Danes from committing themselves to open sympathy with France. But not even for form's sake could the czar be persuaded to articulate audibly a word on behalf of Belgium. If Uncle William found it necessary to infringe the neutrality of Luxembourg or Brabant, Alexander II., like a good nephew, would not interfere to prevent him. The turn of subsequent events took Russia doubtless by surprise, and found her unprepared. Her war department, long the paradise of jobbing and malversation of all kinds, had not even made up its mind about the pattern of the improved musket to be supplied to the army, her commissariat was on a peace footing, and her military chest was well-nigh empty. The first impulses of jealousy at German success were appeased by exultation at the humiliation of the victor of the Malakoff; and second thoughts inspired the policy of going in with the winner, exulting with the fortunate, and conferring decorations on the princely leaders of the conquering host. But the catastrophe of Sedan has waked up Russia as by the stroke of a talisman. The change wrought in her position is palpable, tangible, incontrovertible. The great military power, with whom alone till now she condescended to be matched or measured, has for the time being ceased to exist. Another, possibly a greater, has suddenly started into colossal development; but the instincts and the interests of Prussia can never be antagonistic in the same sense or to the same extent as the instincts or interests of France; and a thousand considerations of neighborhood, trade, and dynasty, make Russia and Prussia naturally sincere allies. Each, if he cannot give, can guarantee the other all it wants; and there is comparatively little either covets which the other would quarrel about. Give and take is the obvious policy of St. Petersburg and Berlin. Russia will readily assent, therefore, to France being despoiled of Alsace and Lorraine, Prussia not objecting to the realization of the Empress Catherine's dream. The power of veto is gone. Europe has stood by and seen France ridden down; Europe still stands looking on, watching the work of decimation and destruction as it is daily rendered more complete. Europe must, therefore, take the consequences—not the aggrandizement of Prussia alone, but the reversal of the sentence of Sevastopol, and the reestablishment of Muscovite domination on the Lower Danube and the Dardanelles.

European Armies.

One plain lesson taught by the war is that in future if any armies are to be kept up on the Continent they must, to be of any use, far exceed in numbers the armies of other days. A small army will be but food for powder, to be taken in a month's time by some big neighbor. Year by year armies have been increasing in size, and it would be curious and instructive to

have a complete record of the variations in the strength of the armies in the family of nations during the last two centuries. As regards the French army, they have been very striking. When it first assumed a regular form under Henri IV., its peace establishment, including both horse and foot, did not exceed ten thousand men; and the whole charge for the war department, including ordnance and half-pay, was five hundred thousand pounds. In 1610 Henri IV. carried his army to a war establishment of forty thousand men. In 1640, under the administration of Richelieu, France took an active part in the war of Germany, carrying her force at one time to one hundred thousand men, and her expenditure to four million pounds in one year. In 1659 Louis XIV. kept up a peace establishment of seventy thousand men, and in the war of 1672 the force was carried to the number of one hundred and sixty thousand men. From 1679 to 1688 there was peace, but in this latter year France required a force of between two and three hundred thousand men. After the peace of Utrecht came a period of repose, and the war of 1741 did not, until conducted in its advanced stage by Marshal Saxe, call forth a military force equal to that of Louis XIV. In the war of 1756 the French army was less numerous and less ably commanded. During the Continental peace from 1763 to 1792 its establishment was kept at about one hundred thousand men. The war of the Revolution began with a force on the part of France of one hundred and forty thousand men, but this was soon augmented by compulsory levies, and the unlimited issue of assignats enabled the French in 1794 to bring into actual service a force of between five and six hundred thousand men. In 1795, when the assignats lost their power, the army was reduced by a third. From 1795 to 1800 the force maintained by France and Holland was between three and four hundred thousand men. At the peace of Amiens Bonaparte kept up a peace establishment of three hundred thousand men, which was raised on renewal of war to four hundred thousand. In 1812 he led against the Russians three hundred and sixty thousand men, while there remained in Spain, Germany, and France, a number which carried the aggregate to between five and six hundred thousand men. In 1815, on his return from Elba, Bonaparte found under arms in France about one hundred and twenty thousand men, to which force he was able to add sixty thousand more in three months. In 1819, after the restoration of the Bourbons and a recurrence to the conscription, the French army amounted to one hundred thousand men, and soon after was considerably increased. What its numbers were the other day on the declaration of war is a mystery which has yet to be unravelled, but there can be no doubt it was a respectable force on paper; and the French prisoners in the hands of the Germans would of themselves form an army that would have been considered sufficient for all practical purposes a very few years ago.

Napoleon's Self-defence.

The emperor calls to mind his manifesto issued just after the declaration of war, and the misgivings with which he listened to the cry, "On to Berlin!" He says his plan was to mass one hundred and fifty thousand men at Metz, one hundred thousand at Strasbourg, and fifty thousand at Châlons, and to cross the Rhine near Haguensau with a large force, in order to separate Southern Germany from the Northern Confederation. He hoped to win the first great battle, and secure the alliance of Austria and Italy with France in imposing neutrality on Bavaria, Baden, and Wurtemberg. The

defects in the French military system, and the delay in bringing up men and material, defeated this plan. He enumerates the difficulties encountered, but acquits the war-office of blame.

The Germans having had ample time to bring their forces into the field, the French were outnumbered and put on the defensive. A new plan was necessary, involving a retreat on Châlons. This the regency disapproved as discouraging to the public, and the emperor was urged to resume the offensive. Yielding his convictions, McMahon's advice and plan were adopted. He alludes to his situation after he had given up the command of the army, and when his name and authority were ignored at Paris, as exceedingly painful.

He acquiesced in the march for the relief of Metz, though conscious of the danger of that enterprise. He describes the operations, and analyzes the battles, which preceded the surrender at Sedan, and gives an account of his interviews with Count Bismarck and the King of Prussia.

The pamphlet closes with the declaration that the German successes are due to superiority of numbers, improved artillery, rigorous discipline, respect for authority, and the military and patriotic spirit of the people, which absorbs all other interests and opinions.

It censures the loose habits introduced by the African wars in which the French regular troops have been engaged, which it enumerates as want of discipline, lack of cohesion, absence of order, carelessness of bearing, and the excess of luggage carried by the infantry. The efficiency of the army was weakened, too, by the excesses of the opposition in the Corps Législatif and the republican press, introducing into it a spirit of criticism and insubordination.

The Strasbourg Library.

Soon after the surrender of Strasbourg, the Baden ministry dispatched the Karlsruhe principal librarian, Dr. Holder, to the place of destruction, with the special object of making careful investigation among the ruins of the church wherein the books and manuscripts were placed. The result seems to have been unsatisfactory to the last degree. Nothing but a few cinders, with a few lines of still half-legible writing upon them, were unearthed out of the vast heap of ashes that strewn the ground many an inch high. All M. Piton, one of the librarians, had to say on the subject—and he said it with tears in his eyes—was this: that he had proposed to the principal librarian to remove the most precious of the manuscripts to some place of safety, and that he received a very ungracious answer—so ungracious, indeed, that it seemed to have paralyzed him. His chief told him that "he had other things in his head just then than those bothering books." We believe, however, that, save some theological works of rare occurrence, little of really great value has been lost. Moreover, nearly all the public academies, scientific societies, publishers, etc., in and out of Germany, have already taken steps to furnish a nucleus for a new and better library for Strasbourg than the two lost ones were. But what is deplorable, unpardonable, is the fact that the authorities of Strasbourg seem almost to have insured, by moving them out of their fire-safe places, the destruction of some of the finest pictures in their possession. There were, among others, certain Mierevelde, Pietro Perugino, several Philipp de Champagnes; and, above all, a gem (the betrothal of St. Catharine) by Memling, falsely ascribed to Lucas of Leyden. These have perished; while all the decorations, carefully saved out of the threatened

theatre, are to be seen reclining safely against the walls of their dramatic temple.

The Decadence of France.

There is an idea rapidly gaining ground in Germany and in America, which ought to be discussed. Is it not possible, ask grave men, astounded by the events of the war, that France is something more than defeated—that she is in decadence, that her history is over, and that she will never revive? The question, though only uttered in Germany, is well worth a serious discussion. If France is to cease to be, the history of the human race is modified forever, and the world has lost one of its first advantages, the existence in Europe of an effective and propagandist intellect radically different from the Teuton. Not only the dominion of the world, though that is much, but the dominion of the thoughts of the world, will have passed to a single branch of the human race, for the Anglo-Saxon is but the Teuton modified by centuries of freedom. This may be the best, as it is clearly the strongest branch, of the human stock, but still a branch with no right and no capacity to supersede humanity. *Prima facie*, many of the events of the war justify those who apprehend so frightful a calamity. Fighting power, if not a high form of power in a race, is an essential form if the race is to keep its independence, and France appears to superficial observers to have lost its fighting power. We all, friends and enemies alike, ask with General Blumenthal, in simple amazement, what change has come over the French? Why do they run away? The soldiers everywhere capitulate, or mutiny, or do something or other for which explanation seems as difficult as apology. The citizens in many places give themselves up on mere rumors of a German advance. The departments seem utterly unable to organize any thing, not only an army, but a regiment, a company, any thing of any value for defence. No leaders, it is said, turn up even in civil matters, and not only no leaders, but so policies, nothing even like the vague but triumphant thought expressed in Lincoln's rude formula, "We must keep on pegging away." Vast regions full of men and wealth and spirit sit apparently inert, doing nothing, while in the occupied districts Frenchmen seem cowed to such a point that they dare not even attempt to cut a railway. What can it all mean, if it be not that France is in decay, that the attack has not made ruin, but only revealed it?

Napoleon's Opinions.

A correspondent of the *Liberté*, writing from Cassel, says that he has heard from the lips of the ex-emperor at Wilhelmshöhe the following remarks on Messrs. Thiers, Jules Favre, and Bismarck. He said: "Jules Favre has not ability enough to conduct a discussion with the minister of King William. He will wind him round his finger. I have been quite duped by him—I, to whom everybody agrees in attributing penetration and tactiturnity. How, then, will it fare with M. Favre, whose strength lies in his too great fluency of speech? The talent of M. Bismarck consists in knowing how to throw on others the responsibility of resolutions that have been taken. I was without this talent when at the Tuileries, and I paid dearly for this defect. The Chancellor of the North is bent on making all Europe think that it was the French people who demanded the war, whereas, in reality, it was he and I who alike wished it. If I had been able to persuade the French that they urged me to this war I should still be at Paris, or I could have returned without fear." Shortly afterward, speaking of M. Thiers, Napoleon said: "I was beaten at Boulogne, because in my simplicity at that time I

confided in the minister of Louis Philippe, who had promised me his assistance, but only to drag me into the net. I troubled him in England. He attracted me to Boulogne in order to confine me at Ham. Count Bismarck," the ex-emperor said, in conclusion, "is an able man, but it is his audacity that makes him so. This is what distinguishes him from Cavour, the greatest politician I have ever met. If Cavour had been the minister of King William, the German empire would have been completed, and that without a shot."

Trochu's Military Views.

One of his opinions is, that cavalry, far from losing its importance in modern warfare, will increase it; but only on condition of adapting itself to the altered condition of the age. Cavalry is the instrument of swiftness in war, and for that purpose every thing must be done to render it active and light. The first condition of a good army, he says, is to raise its moral and intellectual standard. The unity and mutual reliance of the forces in the hour of danger, the knowledge the men have of the officers and the officers of the men, the moral influence which leads men to overcome their natural instincts, and a general acquaintance with the true principles of war, are the essentials with which a great commander seeks to imbue every portion of the troops under his command. With regard to the system of conscription, the policy of the emperor was to encourage as much as possible the reengagements of the men at the expiration of their period of service. General Trochu combats this system. He says that an old soldier should not be an old man, but a young one who has learned his business; that the true spirit of the French army is to be found in its trained recruits; and that the older men, who have enlisted for money, and who remain in the army because they have no other calling in life, become dodgers, malingerers, and very often drunkards. The theory of equality as to chances of promotion is an advantage that the French army has over the Prussian; but under the imperial reign that theory was not adhered to. The moral tone and professional value of the French army have been impaired by the temptation to convert it into a political instrument. Many a worthless officer has had his debts paid out of the army purse, and got his promotion, because, whatever his vices or defects might be, they only rendered him a more devoted and subservient tool of the imperial government.

Napoleon's Fortune.

The Emperor Napoleon, who has been the chief of the French state for nearly twenty-two years, and its almost absolute master for nearly eighteen, retains no private property but a small cottage which came to him from his mother. Call it rashness, call it overweening confidence, or call it a generous carelessness, it is proved by the event that he did not devote his reign to the accumulation of money. Whatever he has received from France he has spent in the country, in accordance with the social system which was established with the empire. That system was, no doubt, extravagant in the extreme. No contemporary sovereign has held such a court. The czar, who owns vast domains as his private property, besides ignoring the limitations of a civil list in dealing with the public treasury, could not maintain such splendor. The sultan may squander millions, but his Oriental magnificence has been mere shabbiness by the side of Paris. What our own court is we all see, and, as we know its cost, we may, when we compare it with that of the French emperor, form some judgment of his expenses. Thus we have a clear light thrown

on the court life of the late reign. The system was magnificent, profuse, extravagant, and, as the event has proved, relaxing to the best energies of the country. But the chief of the state has paid the penalty. Fortunes have been made on all sides, but Napoleon and his family have made no fortune; they have spent all they received in maintaining their imperial establishment at the high pitch which modern France, under their own tuition, has demanded.—*London Times*.

Balloons in War.

The plan of employing balloons in warfare was practised by the French in 1794. After the expulsion of the Austrians from Liège by General Jourdan, they retired to a strong situation at some distance, where they threw up intrenchments, intending to wait for reinforcements. Before, however, these could arrive, they were attacked by the French on the 18th of September of that year, and forced to retire after a great slaughter on both sides. The success of the French was attributed in great measure to the discovery of the position and movements of the Austrians made by two engineers whom the French sent up in an air balloon. From this balloon the engineers perceived whatever was being done in the Austrian camp, and gave continual notice of all they saw by notes which they threw down among their own people. By these means the number of troops in the camp, the quantity of their artillery, their motions and probable designs, were made known to the French, who directed their attacks accordingly against the weakest parts, assaulting these with the largest bodies of their troops, and with greater confidence from the probability of success. The French armies had indeed on previous occasions made use of balloons; at the battle of Fleurus, during the siege of Mayence, and during that of the fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, on which occasion balloons were found of great utility. The "Annual Register" of 1794 says:

"The French armies are attended with a new species of reconnoitring engineers, whose business it is to do every thing relative to the preparation and use of balloons. The person who mounts in the balloon is furnished with paper and pencils of different colors. The marks to be made are agreed on beforehand, and the paper, after being marked, is attached to a small rod like an arrow, one end of which is loaded and pointed, so that it strikes in the ground and stands upright. A small piece of colored silk is attached to the other end like a flag, to render it more visible. This is dropped from the balloon on ground that is in possession of the army to which the balloon belongs, and thus the information obtained is fully communicated."

Moltke studying.

Among the imperial correspondence, at the Tuilleries, there is a curious dispatch, dated Forbach, April 9, 1868, and addressed by a certain Captain Samuel to the Minister of War at Paris. Captain Samuel telegraphs: "Since Monday I have followed General Moltke, who is visiting the frontier of France, and studying the positions. On Monday I overtook him at Mayence. Tuesday he stopped at Berkenfeld, and took notes of the heights near the ruins of the old castle. He slept that night at Saarbrück, and has taken the dispositions of defence at the station and the canal. Yesterday he was at Saarlouis, where he is now. This morning, in spite of the bad weather, he went out in a carriage to visit the heights surrounding Vaudevangne and Berns. I suppose, from information, that he will go to-night or to-morrow to Trèves, whence he will descend the

Moselle. Is it necessary to follow him? Address reply to the telegraphic office at Forbach." The reply sent was, "Follow him."

The German Terms.

It can hardly be doubted that we at last know the terms on which Germany is ready to make peace. They may be modified hereafter either by great reverses or great additional successes, but for the present they are distinctly defined to be the cession of Strasbourg and Metz, together with the territory lying between Metz and the existing frontier. Count Bismarck's frankness in dealing with newspaper correspondents is now explained. He was disclosing nothing, because the substance of his communications had already been embodied in formal circulars to the diplomatic representatives of the North-German Confederation. It is no longer open to any one to suppose that either the necessity or the sufficiency of the cession of these two fortresses is merely a private opinion of Count Bismarck.

Address of King William, November 8d.

"*Soldiers of the Confederate Armies*: When three months since we took the field, I said God would be with our just cause. That this confidence has been fully realized, witness Wörth, Saarbrück, Metz, Sedan, Beaumont, Strasbourg, each a victory for our arms. To you belong the merit and the glory. You have maintained all the virtues which especially distinguish soldiers. With Metz the last arm of the enemy is destroyed. I take this opportunity to thank you all, from the general to the soldier. Whatever the future, I look forward to it calmly, because I know that with such soldiers victory cannot fail.

WILLIAM."

It was at Bordeaux, in 1855, that the Emperor Napoleon gave utterance to the famous phrase, "*L'empire, c'est la paix*." After he left the city the leading merchants met, and as the imperial axiom was delivered in one of the halls of their Bourse, they resolved to preserve it for posterity. The words were engraved in letters of gold on a slab of the purest marble, which was then set up in the chief room of the tribunal of commerce. But on a recent Sunday an immense crowd gathered in this apartment, and in less than five minutes the commemorative tablet was broken into countless fragments by the fists of the multitude.

Miscellany.

Handwriting.

MANY people laugh at what is called "graptomancy," or the art of judging characters by handwriting; and yet all acknowledge that handwriting *does* indicate something. Every one allows a difference between a man's and a woman's hand; we hear people speak of a vulgar hand, a gentlemanly hand, a clerical hand, etc. "I had once," said Archbishop Whately, "a remarkable proof that handwriting is sometimes, at least, an index to character. I had a pupil at Oxford whom I liked in most respects greatly; there was but one thing about him which seriously dissatisfied me, and that, as I often told him, was his handwriting; it was not bad as *writing*, but it had a mean, shuffling character in it, which always inspired me with a feeling of suspicion. While he remained at Oxford I saw nothing to justify this suspicion; but a transaction in which he was afterward engaged, and in which I saw more of his character than I had done before, con-

vinced me that the writing had spoken truly. But I knew of a much more curious case, in which a celebrated 'graptomancer' was able to judge of character more correctly by handwriting than he had been able to do by personal observation. He was on a visit at a friend's house, where, among other guests, he met a lady whose conversation and manners greatly struck him, and for whom he conceived a strong friendship, based on the esteem he felt for her as a singularly truthful, pure-minded, and single-hearted woman. The lady of the house, who knew her real character to be the very reverse of what she seemed, was curious to know whether Mr. — would be able to discover this by her handwriting. Accordingly, she procured a slip of this lady's writing (having ascertained he had never seen it) and gave it him one evening as the handwriting of a friend of hers whose character she wished him to decipher. His usual habit, when he undertook to exercise this power, was to take a slip of a letter, cut down lengthwise so as not to show any sentences, to his room at night, and to bring it down with his judgment in writing the next morning. On this occasion, when the party were seated at the breakfast-table, the lady whose writing he had unconsciously been examining, made some observation which particularly struck Mr. — as seeming to betoken a very noble and truthful character. He expressed his admiration of her sentiments very warmly, adding at the same time to the lady of the house, 'Not so, by-the-way, your friend;' and he put into her hand the slip of writing of her guest which she had given him the evening before, over which he had written the words 'Fascinating, false, and hollow-hearted.' The lady of the house kept the secret, and Mr. — never knew that the writing on which he had pronounced so severe a judgment was that of the friend he so greatly admired."

The Invisible Girl.

A famous exhibition, in London, called the "Invisible Girl," was a deception in which much ingenuity was displayed. In this machine there was a girl or lady concerned, who did the talking and singing, and who was invisible to the audience; the deception consisted in leading the visitors to suppose that she was in a small globe suspended in mid-air. There were four upright posts, united at top by four horizontal rails, like the framework of a table. Bent wires, springing up from the posts, converged to an ornamental centre; and from these wires were suspended a hollow copper ball, with four trumpet-mouths on four sides. This was all the visitors saw. Any person wishing to propose a question, spoke it into one of the trumpet-mouths; and presently afterward an appropriate answer came from all the four mouths. The voice was so soft that it seemed to come from a very young and diminutive being indeed—a fairy, an invisible girl. French and Italian were spoken by the voice as well as English; witty and lively remarks were made, as well as questions answered; and songs were beautifully sung in silvery tones. It was admitted on all hands to be an attractive exhibition; and as there were means of verifying the fact that the globe touched nothing whatever, except four ribbons by which it was suspended, the surprise felt was great. The facts of the case were these: One of the posts was hollow, as were two of the rails; and there were openings in the rails just opposite two of the trumpet-mouths. In an adjoining room was a lady seated at a pianoforte; a very small opening in the partition between the two rooms enabled her to see what was going on; while a concealed tube was carried from a point near the level of her ear to the hollow part of the

machine, beneath the floor. Sounds, as we know, travel very easily through tubes; and thus the questioning, the answering, the singing, and the pianoforte playing, were transferred from room to room. When a spectator asked a question, speaking at one of the trumpet-mouths, the sound was reflected from the trumpet back to the opening in the horizontal rail, which opening was neither seen nor suspected by the audience; it went down the rail, under the floor, and into the adjoining apartment, where the lady heard it; and the sounds in the opposite direction were similarly conveyed. The sound became so altered in character and intensity by this process of transmission as really to seem to come from the ball; and when an answer was given to a question expressed in a whisper, the impression was very strong that the answers really came from the ball.

The Daily News of Ancient Rome.

The "Acta Diurna," or Proceedings of the Day, of the Romans, not only occupied the position, but also served some of the purposes of a modern newspaper, and was the "Daily News" of old Rome. It was published both under the Republic and the empire, and we gather from Seneca that it contained abstracts of the proceedings in courts of law and public assemblies; accounts of public works, or buildings in progress; recitals of punishments inflicted upon offenders; and a list of births, deaths, marriages, etc. It particularly abounded in reports of trials for divorce, and it had its accounts of floods and earthquakes, price current, etc., all supplied, as are the newspapers of our day, by reporters, who were termed *actuarii*, and, in the absence of printing, employed awkward writing-materials. Shorthand writers were employed by Cicero to report the speech of Cato, in the celebrated debate of the Roman Senate upon the Catiline conspiracy. Yet its utmost publicity was in posting copies of this written newspaper in a few of the most public places in the imperial city. It should be added that Julius Cesar was the first ruler who provided for publishing all the proceedings of the Senate, a *liberty of the pen* which his despotic successors rarely accorded.

Pelf and Petticoats.

A story is going round which relates how a young lady, out of love for her father, who had been unfortunate in business, cut off her hair, stained her hands and face, dressed herself as a man, and went to the oil country, where in a little while she made a small fortune. She then retired to Cleveland, provided a comfortable home for her father, and resumed the costume of her sex. The writer of the story adds pathetically: "With hands and feet enlarged by toil, she passes in her promenade the worthless butterflies of fashion, with a proud consciousness of her superior worth." If the story itself be true, this last touch is mere fancy; for if she made a fortune it must have been by speculation, not by work; and, as speculation adds nothing to the world's wealth or society's comfort, she is still no more useful to the community than those same "butterflies of fashion." However, the lesson generally intended to be inculcated by such stories is, that a woman, in throwing off the insignia of her sex, gets rid of many disadvantages, and in the disguise of a man can get a fairer compensation for service than in her rightful habiliments. Perhaps in some directions this is true; but as a general thing it is not, and in many cases its very opposite is true. There are hundreds of women on the stage, receiving enormous salaries, who, if they were men and had no more histrionic talent

than they now possess, would scarcely earn the pittance of a stock actor. There are women making fortunes in the lecture-field, whose discourses, if delivered by men, would draw but meagre houses, and scarcely command an engagement. There are women in Wall Street, making money every day, because they are women and a novelty, not because of superior financial shrewdness or business capacity. There are women in trade all over the country, demanding prices which would be refused if asked by men. We do not gainsay the deplorable fact that thousands of women who actually work are paid shamefully low wages; we only point out the other fact that, in most transactions of a speculative, oratorical, or literary nature, calico is an important factor in the calculation, and petticoats are generally a profit.

Special Atmospheres.

At the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, Dr. Sigerson has given a lecture on "Microscopic Appearances obtained from Special Atmospheres," in which, as was to be expected, he explained that, in examining the air of factories and workshops, he found the atmosphere of each charged with particles according to the nature of the trade carried on. In an iron-factory he found carbon, ash, and iron, the iron being in the form of translucent hollow balls one two-thousandth of an inch diameter. In the air of a shirt-factory, filaments of linen and cotton and minute eggs were floating; and in places where grain is thrashed and converted, the floating dust is fibrous and starchy, mingled with vegetable spores; but according to Dr. Sigerson, the dust of a scutching-mill is more hurtful than any, and as much pains should be taken to get rid of it as that of the grinding-mills of Sheffield. In the air of type-foundries and printing-offices, antimony exists; stables show hair and other animal matters; and the air of dissecting-rooms is described as particularly horrible.

Singular Speculations.

When M. Prevost-Paradol, the French minister, committed suicide at Washington last summer, it was said that other suicides had been previously committed in the house he occupied, and there was much speculation as to whether there was not some sinister influence connected with the building, leading its inmates to the commission of the crime. The case of the sentry-box, which was destroyed by Napoleon because three or four sentries had successively shot themselves in it, was cited in support of the view that evil spirits sometimes attach themselves to material objects, and through them affect men. To the same point is a report from Memphis, Tennessee, giving the particulars of the death of an editor of the *Correspondent* by falling from a window, while asleep, and mentioning that four other persons had previously fallen from the same building with fatal result.

The Velocipede.

For once, at least, the velocipede has proved of some use. In London, recently, a fellow named Henry Lloyd snatched, in the street, a watch from a lady and made off with his booty, and would have escaped, but at the very moment when the lady was screaming for help, a carpenter made his appearance on the scene riding on a bicycle. Fast flew the thief, but faster still whirled the wheels of the machine which carried the carpenter, and vain were the attempts of Mr. Henry Lloyd to elude his indefatigable pursuer, who, with wild shouts of "Stop thief!" dashed through street and alley like a flash of lightning. Two gentlemen, attracted by the noise, caught the thief in their

arms, and he was handed over to a police-command.

"Tristram Shandy."

"Tristram Shandy" was condemned by Horace Walpole as "a very insipid and tedious performance, the greatest humor of which consists in the whole narration always going backward. It makes one smile two or three times in the beginning, but in recompense makes one yawn for two hours." Yet this was Sterne's greatest work; Dodsley gave him six hundred and fifty pounds for the second edition and two more volumes; Lord Fauconberg, a donation of one hundred and sixty pounds a year; Bishop Warburton gave Sterne a purse of gold, and styled him the "English Rabelais." Although anonymous, the work was known to be Sterne's from the first, and it raised him at once from obscurity to universal notoriety and high literary fame. Yet "Yorick's Sermon," the great attraction of the second volume of "Tristram Shandy," when reprinted by itself, could find neither purchasers nor readers.

Tom Cringle's Log.

"Tom Cringle's Log" was written by Michael Scott, of Edinburgh. He had spent several years in the West Indies; he returned home, embarked in commercial speculations, in the leisure between which he wrote the "Log." Notwithstanding its popularity in Europe and America, the author preserved his incognito to the last. He survived his publisher, Mr. Blackwood, for some years, and it was not till the death of the author that the sons of Mr. Blackwood were aware of his name. The "Log" first appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and it is, perhaps, the earliest specimen of that vicious plan of narrative-writing in magazines and serials which renders it indispensable that each month's number should have its "sensation" incidents.

"Baron Munchausen."

"Baron Munchausen" was long believed to be only a *nom de plume*, and a parody on the "Travels of Baron de Tott," or on Bruce's "Travels in Abyssinia." In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for January, 1857, it is satisfactorily made out that "Munchausen's Travels" were written at Dolcoath Mine, in Cornwall, England, by Mr. Raspe, a German, who was store-keeper of that establishment.

Varieties.

THE name of the post-office and State should be furnished by persons subscribing for a newspaper which they desire to receive. The *Liberal Christian*, in appealing to its friends on this subject, says: "Do not date your letters at 'The Twining Vine,' or 'Honeysuckle Villa.' The name you have given your place may be very pretty, but it is not in the list of post-offices. As soon as we become a millionaire, we intend," says the editor, "to endow a chair in some great university for this one object—to teach all students to give their post-office address when writing business letters."

They tell a good story in Milwaukee of a lawyer who came back, after some years' absence from the city, and went almost immediately into the trial of a jury-case. "I believe," said he to his opponent, as he glanced at the occupants of the jury-box, "I know more than half these fellows, if I have been away so long."—"I should think it strange," was the encouraging reply, "if you didn't know more than all of them!"

According to Denver-City (Colorado) newspapers, engineers have commenced the survey of an immense irrigating canal, to extend from Platte Cañon, before the river debouches into the plains, to the head of the Republican River, in the eastern part of the Territory. A canal

thus situated will irrigate not less than three million acres of land now almost worthless except as pasture.

All hogs, like John Chinaman,
Time out of mind,
Wear cues in the style
Of their fathers—behind.
This difference, though,
In the swine seemeth quaint:
His caudal is curled,
And the Chinaman's "ain't."

An idea of the vast business interests of New-York City may be gained from the statement that there are three hundred and twenty-four companies for manufacturing, one hundred and fifty-two for mining purposes, ninety-three steam-railroad companies, thirteen horse-railroad companies, thirty-three petroleum companies, and twelve telegraph companies.

Nebraska, not to be outdone in the way of queer girls, produces a damsel who speaks four languages, chews and smokes tobacco, plays the most difficult music on the piano, swears, dances superbly, and takes whiskey "straight."

Mrs. Stowe says that "in America no woman ever dies for want of speaking her mind; and the lower orders have their turn in teaching the catechism to their superiors, which they do with an effectiveness that does credit to democracy."

Brown—"Well, I always make it a rule to tell my wife every thing that happens."

Smith—"Oh, my dear fellow, that is nothing! I tell my wife lots of things that never happen at all."

"Are them Bibles?" asked an old lady of a clerk in the probate office, pointing to rows of wills, and other bound volumes of records.—"No, marm," was the bland reply; "they are testaments."

George Eliot says: "Half the sorrows of women would be averted if they could repress the speech they know to be useless—nay, the speech they have resolved not to utter."

Four of the eyeless fish of the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky have been brought to the Dublin Zoological Gardens by Dr. Mapother, and are living there in perfect health.

Victor Hugo calls Germany "a kind of dignified grandmother," which makes it all the more surprising that a gallant nation like France should have attempted to strike her.

The forest-trees are dying out in some parts of Virginia, and the farmers have to dig out roots by the acre, just as dentists dig out achers by the roots.

Should not a writer who misplaces his "whiches be made amenable to the laws? A train of thought should have some protection, as well as a train of cars.

"I think I am rather fond of silent people myself; I cannot bear to live with a person who feels compelled to talk because he is my companion."—*Disraeli*.

Old Gent (disgusted)—"Here, waiter—here's a caterpillar in this soup!"

Waiter (flippantly)—"Yes, sir. About the time of year for 'em just now, sir."

A young Indian was lately ordained a priest of the Roman Catholic church in the village of Lorette, near Quebec, and is said to be the first red-man ever made a priest.

Four women in male attire were discovered among the imprisoned Tureos at Spandau, in Prussia.

The United-States fifty-cent piece contains five cents' worth more silver than the Canadian half-dollar.

The latest social novelty is the holding of fancy-dress balls, in which each participant represents some one of Dickens's characters.

In English hotels the women-servants carry up the baggage, while the men carry up cards and wait on table.

The perfumes manufactured in this country are said to be much better than the majority of those imported from abroad.

London is now invaded by a whole colony of Parisians, whose foreign voices, dresses, and manners, excite no small interest in the streets.

The Museum.

ALL the houses in New Guinea are elevated on posts, which vary in number according to the size of the house, and about four feet from the ground each post passes through a wide, circular, wooden disk, which serves as an effectual barrier against the rats and snakes which would otherwise take possession of the dwellings. The posts are connected together, at about five feet from the ground, by rafters, on which the floor is laid.

These rafters, or joists, support a row of poles, laid horizontally side by side, and upon them are laid crosswise a great number of slighter spars, thus forming a framework, on which is fixed the floor itself, which consists of a number of thin planks taken from the cocoa-nut tree. The supporting posts are about ten feet in total length, and are connected at their tops by horizontal poles, on which a second or upper floor is fixed, precisely similar to the principal floor, though much smaller. On this upper floor are kept the weapons, implements, provisions, and similar articles, for which accommodation cannot be found on the principal floor. A supply of water, for example, is generally kept in the huts, a number of empty cocoa-nut shells being used in lieu of bottles, and closed at the orifice by a plug of grass.

Entrance is gained to the house by a square hole in the flooring, and the primitive staircase by which the inhabitants ascend into their houses is equally simple and effectual. It is necessary that the stairs—if we may use the term—should be so constructed that, while human beings can easily obtain access to the house, the rats and other vermin shall be kept out. If an ordinary ladder or even a notched pole were fixed to the house, the rats and snakes would be sure to climb up it and take possession of the dwelling. The native architect, therefore, proceeds after a different fashion.

Immediately under the opening in the floor he fixes two stout posts in the ground, leaving them to project rather more than three feet. The posts have forked heads, and upon them is laid a transverse pole, which is firmly lashed to them. From this transverse pole another pole is laid to the ground, so as to form an inclined plane, up which the inhabitants of the house can walk. It will now be seen that, if a man walks up the inclined pole to the transverse one, he can pass along the latter in a stooping attitude until he comes to the opening in the floor. He can then pass his body through the opening, and lift himself to the level of the floor, while the space which intervenes between the horizontal post and the floor affords an effectual barrier against the rats and other vermin.

The reader will better understand this description by comparing it with our illustration, which represents three of these huts. That on the right is seen from the end, and is represented as half finished, in order to show the structure of the interior.

The sides and roof of the hut are formed of slight spars, which are lashed together by a framework, so as to form a support for the thatching. This is made of coarse grass pulled up by the roots in large tufts, and covered with an outer layer of cocoa-nut leaves. If the house be a large one, there is an entrance at each end, and another in the

middle, each being closed with neatly-woven mats. Similar but coarser mats are fastened to the lower portion of the sides, in order to exclude the wind. Up to this point the architecture is identical throughout the island; but a divergence takes place in the shape of the house itself, according to the locality. The usual form is that which is represented in the illustration. Such a house as is there drawn is, on the average, thirty feet in length, nine in width, and thirteen in total height, so that a space of about three feet intervenes between the upper floor and the roof. The central figure of the illustration

shows the side view of a finished hut, and the left-hand figure shows the end view of a similar dwelling. In some places, however—such, for example, as Redscar Bay—the

form of the houses is different. Instead of having the slender poles which form the framework of the walls bent over in a curved form, they are arranged so as to make a lofty

and sharply-pointed gable-roof. A house of this description, which measures thirty feet in length, will reach, on an average, twenty-five feet in height. There is no distinction between the roof and walls of the huts, except that the lower portion of the roof is covered with sheets of a bark-like substance, which is supposed to be the base of the cocoa-nut leaf, flattened by pressure. The entrance or door of these huts is at one end, and is covered with a mat.



Huts, New Guinea.

CONTENTS OF NO. 88, DECEMBER 3, 1870.

	PAGE		PAGE
A MUSICAL PARTY. (Illustrated.) By Albert Webster, Jr.....	657	SABINE BARING-GOULD. (With Portrait.).....	673
CONCATENATION BILL. By Albert S. Evans.....	659	FAMOUS TREES. By H. K. W. Wilcox.....	674
THE POISON OF ARMS: Chapter XI. A Novelette. By Florence Martyat (Mrs. Ross Church).....	661	WATER-SPOUTS. By H. W. Dodge.....	675
THE PLANET MARS. (With Map.) By Rich. A. Proctor, F. R. A. S.	663	JOB—CHAPTER XVI, VERSE 2. By Lucy Hamilton Hooper.....	676
THE "DANGEROUS CLASSES" OF NEW YORK, AND EFFORTS TO IMPROVE THEM: XI. By C. L. Brace.....	667	LONGEVITY. By H. C. Anderson.....	676
SILK-CULTURE: II. (Illustrated.) By J. Q. A. WATTON.....	668	THE MIXED HUMAN RACES.....	677
SONNET.....	670	A GIRL'S SUBTERFUGES. By Howard Glyndon.....	677
HANGING AS ONE OF THE FINE ARTS. By Prof. Schele de Vere..	670	TABLE-TALK.....	678
GUARDING THE ROSE. By Rosaliter Johnson.....	671	WAR NOTES.....	679
CHRONOLOGY OF THE WAR OF 1870, FROM ITS OUTBREAK TO THE SURRENDER OF METZ.....	672	MISCELLANT.....	681
		VARIETIES.....	685
		THE MUSEUM. (Illustrated.).....	685
		EXTRA SHEET..... "Peace," and "War." By Gustave Doré.	685

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